World

CENTER CITY - "They're sinners," said one Civic Association member, "but if

they're rich sinners, they won't do the neighborhood any harm."

neignormood any narm.

The sinners in question are the owners and patrons of Signatures, a Center City club where ladies disrobe and drinks are served. Signatures owner Pat DeMone wants to extend his liquor license so he can

wants to extend his liquor license so he can expand the club into a neighboring vacant lot; residents near Locust and 13th streets are up in arms. The club has been cited for "lewd, immoral or improper entertain-ment" and allowing contact between

dancers and patrons, according to a police

officer who testified at the liquor license

hearing.

Signatures shares the neighborhood with a high school and a halfway house for recovering alcoholics, drug addicts and psychiatric patients. Terrace Choice, a coordinator at Horizon House, told the board that her patients have been solicited for entertainment and alcohol at the club. The Civic Association argues that this is more temptation than any recovering alcoholic or high school student really needs.

tempration than any recovering alcoholic or high school student really needs.

But that brings us back to the sinners. It turns out there's some solid evidence to back the up the notion that any business is good for the neighborhood, and it could be discerned by a quick glance around the waiting area before Mr.

DeMone's Liquor Control Board hearing at the Family Court building. Two camps were in evidence. The first was against the extension, and was led by a posse of women

asso organize events like street cieanups and AIDS awareness days, but they're best known for the patrols. They gained nation-al attention during the recent sniper attacks by offering to pump gas for frightened commuters around Washington, D.C.

enerally denoting drug dealers and their ustomers) are a fact of life. As Bucceroni

said, "We come from poor neighborhoods

we care."
Mr. DeMone has yet to testify, and

What's New?

years ago

SALSOLITO – 602 SOUTH; SODAPINE / VAGABOND – 37 N. 3rd; SPACEBOY MUSIC – 409 South; THE BOOK TRADER – 501 South; 514 BOOKS – 514
Bainbridge; THE LAST WORD – 3925 Walnut; TIN MAN ALLEY – 608 N. 2nd; WOODEN SHOE BOOKS – 508 S. 5th; Words & Whimsy – 1904
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TO READ

VOLUME

City

A TLANTA, GEORGIA - For a few weeks in Atlanta Journal

A January, the Atlanta Journal Constitution appeared to have entered into

Constitution appeared to have entered into an informal agreement with the Daily News, under which each paper's sports department cut their writing output by half and relied on quotations from the other paper to fill the resulting empty space. The News filled its columns with shock when

News filled its columns with shock when the Constitution discussed targeting Eagles quarterback Donovan McNabb's healing ankle. Our scribes returned the favor, running a bull's eye above the head of Falcons quarterback Mike Vick (caption: the MAIM event) and claimed the Constitution's readers were "barely literate."

But days after the Eagles' 20-6 win, chatter on the Journal's "Sports Vent" was subdued. "Maybe our baggage handlers at the Philadelphia lost our cans of whup-ass

on purpose," mused one disappointed Falconer.

NSHTOWN - Young lawyer and political hopeful A.J. Thomson held court with

75 grade-schoolers at the Dan Shissler

Recreation Center. The kids were practic

ing wrestling moves and stomping on the bleachers until Thomson implored them to 'Siddown! Come on, you guys! Siddown and relax for awhile!" Then the kids came

forward, one at a time, and spelled words

totward, one at a time, and spealed words, susually looking up at the gym rafters of the as if pulling the words themselves down from an invisible lexicon floating above the 400-strong crowd's heads.

Helena Sautner, 12, of Saint Laurentis,

Helena Sautner, 12, of Saint Laurentis, won the sixth through eighth grade division with "fantastical," and said she planned to celebrate at the Spaghetti Warehouse or maybe Bookbinder's.

Brendan Murphy, 10, won the fourth through fifth grade division with "oceanic."

"I was pretty sure about it because I happened to know "ocean," said Murphy.

"Then I just added the "ic."

London, U.K. - Still glowing after their supporting role in Disney's Mary Poppins, the pigeons of London's Trafalgar Square are about to be put on a diet by the

powers that be, namely Mayor Ken Livingstone. The square is home to the most pigeons to be found in one block, a flock of over 5,000 birds – much too many

flock of over 5,000 birds – much too many if you ask Livingstone, who has been quar-reling with animal activists, bird feeders and Julie Andrews fans over the issue since October 2000, when he banned the selling

of birdseed at Trafalgar, and even dis-patched falconers to scare the birds away ike some Wicked Witch of Whitechapel. The mayor's plan was to turn Trafalgar

Square into more of a cultural center, with

Square into more of a cuttura center, win "entertainments reflecting the cultural diversity of London," "refreshments," and "Heritage Wardens to assist people visiting the Square and to ensure that the by-laws were upheld," all of which he thought would be interrupted by thousands of peck-

would be interrupted by moustands of peek-ing beaks, flapping wings and a rain of pigeon dung. The protesters, or "campaign-ers" as the Brits quaintly call them, said that he was trying to kill the birds by starvation. Finally, a compromise of sorts has been made, and the birds will be monitored by

made, and the birds will be monitored by
an independent scientis as they are weaned
off their dependence on corn kernels and
gradually grow accustomed to ... whatever
substitute links the poor birds can forge
onto their broken food chain.

If life were a comic book, we are quite
sure Mayor Livingstone would soon be
attacked by a winged crusader by the name
of Pieron Man some time in the near

of Pigeon Man some time in the near future, if not by the flock of wild, blood-thirsty Aves he has now unleashed on his

unsuspecting constituency.

Lord Jenkins of Putney, recently addressing the House of Lords, said of the

matter "My Lords, as one who has been

matter "My Lords, as one who has been treated in a most unseemly fashion by the pigeons in Trafalgar Square, may I stand up for their right to do the same to anyone who follows in my footsteps." Sound words of advice from one who knows: don't rock the boat and don't let them smell the fear

from their perch on your shoulder.

50 cents in Phila. \$1 ELSEWHERE

Burglary

BALTIMORE AVE. APARTMENT MELTS INTO AIR

BY CHRISTINE SMALLWOOD

called 911 entirely calm, bored even, except for that subtly exhilarated high that, at last, I was watching myself in the movie where I am the Crime Victim, calling 911 to make it known to the official recordkeepers that I Have Been Wronged but was handling the Situation calmly, I was being cool and collected and even bored, and entirely logical. I was responsible. There was no anger.

"I'd like to report a robbery," I said.

"Is the intruder armed?"

"I don't know," I answered. "He's gone. I mean, they left before we got here.

She was unimpressed. "A robbery is when the intruder is still present, ma'am," she informed me. "Otherwise it's a burglary."

I paused. "I'd like to report a burglary," I tried.

"Where do you live?"

This past summer, a number of University City apartments were burglarized, including the first floor of 4041 Baltimore Avenue, where I lived with two friends. My room was the fire escape, the one without bars on the windows. There was a white cage over the window, an aesthetic nightmare, a kind of iron colander that kept in the heat. Suffice to say I got into the habit of keeping it open, wide open, all the time. Suffice to say that climbing into an unlocked, open, first-floor window is not a difficult task.

turn to BURGLARY, page 4

TRACK STAR **COURTS THE**

Late Start Can't Stop Bryan Poerner's Chase For Olympic Gold

GODDESS NIKE

BY JEFFREY D. PELLY

have to talk quick because Bryan needs his sleep. In less than eight hours, he'll be boarding a plane to Hong Kong.
"I'm going to visit Thi in
Shenzhen," he says. "I haven't seen her in six months. It's gonna be

Bryan tells me about the presents he stuffed into his suitcase for his girlfriend and some of the surprises he has in store. He only has a few weeks with her in China while she is on a break from her gig teaching English. Then, I ask him if he'll be able to train.

pauses for a "Actually, there is a race I decided to enter over there. The Mizuno H. K. Half Marathon. This guy Gezahegne Abera from Ethiopia will be racing too. He's the 2000 Olympic Gold Medal winner for the marathon. I'll be racing along side him," then he laughs. "It's fucking rad."

Twenty-five is the age when most young people start slowing down. They settle down into a fixed career and basic routine, grudgingly relinquishing their youthful dreams for the more achievable milemarkers of adult life - a car, a house, a family. And Bryan Poerner's life could have headed for just this kind of future. He had a college degree in Business, was running a small record label, and he had a steady girlfriend. But at the age of 25, Bryan Poerner started training in earnest for something most athletes are groomed from

turn to TRACKSTAR, page 18

INCLUDES A CINEMATIC COMPENDIUM OF EVENTS BY ANDREW REPASKY McElhinney, Page 13

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or call 215-351-0777.



Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets. - NAPOLEAN

MURDER IN A CHESTNUT ST. SUPPER CLUB



food

On Soup

HOT & HEARTY

WHY NOT HAVE

A BOWL?

BY ANTHONY TIZIANA

soups consumes a majority of your

time and energy. Well, I have splen-

did news, your tireless search may

come to an end. Because of good

fortune, which I can only attribute

to my miraculous luck, I've per-

chance to stumble upon Full Of

Soup, a moderately priced soup

heaven nestled among the numer

ous mediocre, not to mention over

priced, restaurants lining the

understanding that a pauper like

Prior to my discovery, it was my

Bellevue's Gourmet food court.

myself had no business

you're like me (and I suspect

that you are), the pursuit of delightful vegetable-based

udy's hair was black and thick and, in a rare departure from the wild Jewish hair that marks our family, straight and sheen. Her eyes were glass green, fringed with long curls of black lashes. It is generally agreed that she was the most beautiful of all the women in any generation. She was a beatnik, the first girl in Philadelphia to wear black tights the way they did in the Village in New York. She graduated from the Philadelphia Museum College of Art with a painting degree in the early '60s and used her talents a few years later to paint a hellish mural on the 74-foot long wall behind the bar at Dante's Inferno on Chestnut Street, the bar and restaurant she owned with her husband Jack. Not long after that, she was killed, shot four times

That was the night of June 18, 1964, her father's birthday. They had just celebrated at Dante's. Judy had kissed her parents good night and was sitting at the bar as Jack checked the whiskey. He asked Judy to follow his business partner, Joseph "Joey Flowers" Malito, down into the basement to keep an eye on him as he counted the night's receipts. That was where they were shot and killed. Jack, hearing the gunshots and commotion, hurried down the steps and was shot in the thigh by one of the assailants as they fled.

The tragic news of my second cousin Judy's death flashed across our family the next morning. My mother locked herself in the bedroom for hours, wailing with

turn to INFERNO, page 14

GOLIATH'S SHADOW

CLEAR CHANNEL HAS PHILADELPHIA BY THE EARS; SMALL PROMOTERS STRUGGLE FOR SANCTUARY

6 RADIO STATIONS, 7 VENUES ONE COMPANY

BY RICHARD CHARLES

Stage small concerts by up all ages in an alcohol-free environment. Sounds like humble and honorable work, but the guy is really having a hard time.

The way he tells it, a rival promoter, Curt Flood Booking, went after not only a star performer, but also the very stage Agnew's been putting bands on for close to eight years - the First Unitarian Church at 2125 Chestnut Street.

Agnew said his company, R5 Productions, had reserved the church on the night singer/songwriter Will Oldham was to perform at the venue. But, Agnew said, a representative from Curt Flood Booking asked the church for the same night to book Oldham knowing R5 was already on the schedule. Church officials declined to comment, but this version of events was

ean Agnew is just trying to confirmed by Oldham's booking

Agnew's charge is this: Curt Flood acts in the interests of Clear Channel, a much larger media company which has bought up large shares of the national promotions concert and radio markets across the country. Curt Flood's owner, Bryan Dilworth, also works for Clear Channel. And after Curt Flood starts working with the Church, "what's to stop Bryan from booking Clear Channel shows

there?" Agnew asked. "They can say otherwise," said Jesse Lundy, who worked for Electric Factory Concerts in its pre-Clear Channel days and now books at the Point, a coffeehouse in Bryn Mawr, "but unless anyone can prove differently to me, Curt Flood and Clear Channel are essentially

turn to CLEAR CHANNEL, page 4

once every THREE WEEKS

QUEENS, NEW YORK IONATHAN SHAININ

HENRY BROWNEJOHNS

Inside on Page 10

The City the Plaques Forgot

Exploring Philadelphia's Unmapped Cultural Landscape

BY TOM DIEGIDIO

e Van Blunk and I like to bicycle around Philadelphia and admire the architecture of each neighborhood. Many of the most affecting structures have been abandoned, "blown out," as Joe might say in his best longshoreman manner. Sometimes the decay can

When he's not busy wielding a billhook on the waterfront loe is a filmmaker, and our bicycle trips are one way for him to gain a glimmer of vocational inspiration. Like many of our city's artists, Joe has a natural desire to feed off our city's psyche, an occasionally ghoulish pursuit. We roam amongst the carrion with the hope of unexpectedly coming across live game. Check out the Lefty and the large house at York avenue and tographer Sepviva street in Fishtown that natives.

papers of our town's most original chitect are not preserved.

be part of the beauty.

- CLAY WARD looks very much the work of Frank Furness, an educated guess since the

Joe and I also like to pass by the birthplaces Philadelphia greats like the row home in Northern Liberties where playwright Clifford Odets (better

known as the inspiration for the drunk writer in the Coen Brothers' Barton Fink) was born. Joe made a film (Echoes of a Ghost Minyan starring Gus Rosanio) about the personalities of the old Jewish South Philly community, which included photographer Man Ray. Ray was born near 4th and Catharine streets. Joe and I have speculated as to why so few are aware that both the author of the play Waiting for Lefty and the famous surrealist were

turn to PLAOUES, page 3

Meet the Great Jadoo, Page 19

nurses in the aisle

When the train slowed down

at what stop we approached.

standing in the aisle, at their

- BERNARD VAUGHAN

I stopped reading my book

and pretended to look

But I really just peeked

at these young nurses

neighborhood figures,

perfectly sufficient

still in uniform.

after a long day,

old man at the Y

pay up or go

going home.

(Poem)

BLACKJACK!

He joined the house that couldn't be beat

Stacking Chips & Counting Pips as a Casino Dealer

BY MARC E. KELLER

extension, and was led by a posse of women dressed without exception in dark pantsuits. The second consisted most visibly of six men wearing red berets, black pants, black shoes, and red baseball jackets with "Guardian Angels" written on the back over Shortly after turning twenty-one, I began riding the Greyhound bus from Philadelphia to Atlantic City to Cuardian Angels written on the back over a winged eye and the words "Safety Patrol."

The Guardian Angels are a private citizens' volunteer group with chapters all over the country. They patrol the streets and subways in conspicuous uniforms, attempting to stop or prevent crime. They also organize events like street cleanups and AIDS averages day. but, they're best play blackjack. My initial attraction evolved into obsession, and my trips to the Claridge Casino quickly became far too expensive for my budget. This intense period of gambling was short-lived, however, and I kept my distance from the bus station at 11th and Filbert Streets during my final semester at the commuters around Washington, D.C.

So why are the Angels on the side of
the strip club? It turns out that Mr.
DeMone has been good to them. He's
given them money to buy supplies like
brooms and berets, and he hands out free
cups of coffee to volunteers. Besides, the
Angels are generally pro-business; as the
Philadelphia chapter coordinator Generous University of Pennsylvania, But the allure of casinos had not left my system. Quite the contrary: I was in the throes of youth, when life seems meaningless without audacious, rebellious paths, and it was not long until I was fixated on becoming a casino dealer.

Angeis are generally pro-business; as the Philadelphia chapter coordinator, Gregory Bucceroni, put it, Mr. DeMone has purchased and fixed up properties that had been "loitering areas for undesirables" before he came along. Most of the Angels live in areas where "undesirables" (a term Although my parents were wary about my using an Ivy League degree to pursue this vocation, they warmed to the idea when I set it against the backdrop of my goal, writing fiction.. I would be able to observe a multitude of interesting, Mr. DeMone has yet to testify, and the hearing will be continued at a later date. Mr. DeMone and the opposing lawyer wore remarkably similar heavy gold watches and rings at the hearing; Bucceroni and an attendant Angel looked on, wearing the \$10 beress that DeMone's distracted people for hours and peek behind the curtain of a mysterious industry. There was also the thrill of being on the other side of the blackjack table, dispensing the RITTENHOUSE SQUARE – Developers who have made big donations to city officials are finally getting their payback – three parking garages on Chestmut, Sanson and Walnut streets. If the projects go on, wearing the \$10 berets that DeMone's generous contributions had helped them buy.

It is estimated that the expanded club would bring in up to \$8 million a year, about half of which would be profit. luck, and controlling the game rather than playing it. Here again simply untrue. Even if you're unemwas the summons of wild youth. "You'll be like Jack London," it said, "And the job will be so exciting, you won't really be working at

A branch of my family livesin San Diego, California, where the Indian reservation casinos are booming-so much so that they are forbidden from offering roulette

turn to BLACKJACK, page 14 多彩彩彩彩彩彩 a dance lessons

THE PHILADELPHIA TWO-STEP

THE PHILADELPHIA TWO-STEP
A ritual dance performed between Vendor and Customer. The Vendor extends his right hand, holding the goods. The Customer extends his right hand, holding the cash. Each places his left hand over his partner's right, and the two begin the wheel around the room like Prince and Princess at a Viennesse waltzing party, oblivious to their surroundings, until a price is agreed upon. Newcomers to the City are often shocked by the Two-Step's violent, grappling aspect, but it is actually a most subtle and delicate display of refined social mores. refined social mores.



of of of erso (Found Poem) I'm 83 years old.

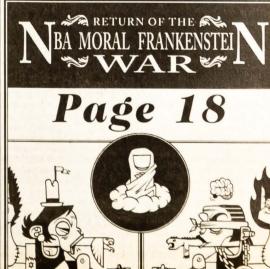
smiling smoking open door

My child bride, she's 65 And if she dies, she dies. I know all the comedy lines.

- HENRY FLOSS

of * * *

General Advertisements, Page 16



when I have walked through the Italian

Market I have smelled more food than the sun

sit on a bench outside of Café Roma. Being

California with its rotten laws and all, the bench was a perfect one hundred feet from the

actual entrance to the café and so therefore it

was the place to smoke cigarettes and still feel like one was patronizing the café. I had beauti-

ful visions on that bench. Once I saw an ocean

that was neither Pacific nor Atlantic nor Baltic

or Arctic. It was a new kind of ocean and its water was the color of a blue Crayola, Prussian

and made of warm wax. It was in this new kind of ocean that I knew I could swim for days and

never be tired. Often when sitting on the

bench drinking my coffee a friend would walk by and say hello. We would talk about our lives

and the warm California sun would make us

In New York City I tried to discover the entire island. I made walking trips from river to

river, covering each numbered street. Not

Avenue: Street. It made me so tired but I

the skies smelled like Vitamin C.

In Rome the streets smelled like piss and

Gary was a boy I used to date. We'd hold

hands and walk around his neighborhood, no

matter what weather. We'd walk in the rain too,

because we both felt, deep within our hearts,

that the rain was there for a purpose and we

should not avoid it. Thus, we did not avoid rain

ever again. Gary could make you feel so warm

you'd have thought he had put you in his pock-

That way I am someone new and not the old

person who used to be depressed. Today I have

neighborhood no one knows about here in

town. I once walked it's streets at night and felt

a surge of warm goodness go through me as if

I had won the lottery and after winning I drove

my car fast down Route 295 in New Jersey and

I turned off at some random stop, pulled into

the first diner I saw, walked in and ordered a

plate of fries and a cup of coffee, and a beautiful young man whom I had never seen before

walked through the door and handed me a

drawing of myself and said, I knew I'd find you

someday. I once experienced the same feeling

on a brisk spring afternoon, watching a young

Robin bringing a wet little worm to a nest full

Sometimes when I'm sad I cut my hair.

gs and pigtails. Tomorrow: the world.

The neighborhood of Wissahickon is a

learned so much.

When I was in Davis, California I used to



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editorial

this year has seen so many unprecedented violations of our civil rights that we now habitually regard the future with dull horror. Only the spectacle of everyday American life still coasting along in some semblance of a free civil society has tempered this sense of foreboding. We are still able to buy our pretzel breakfasts on 3rd Street for 40 cents a twist, and hustle this strange little rag despite our suspicious costumes and persistent habits of unpatriotic dissent. But a court decision this month has us wondering just how much longer we will be enjoying these small and precious liberties.

In the second week of January, a Federal Appeals Court granted the Bush administration the power to hold any U.S. citizen who it deems to be an enemy of the state, interminably and without access to a lawyer. There is no due process in place which would allow us citizens to find out how these detainees will be treated, and thus no way to know what is in store for the rest of us, should this practice, and the numbers of detainees, grow.

When Thomas Jefferson launched his assault on the Federalist concept of government embodied in the nation's first two presidencies, it was this sort of centralized power he feared most. In his 1798 "Kentucky Resolution" he argued that we had fought too hard to win our freedom from the English crown to hand it over to an unfettered executive on our own soil.

Now Thomas Jefferson's fears of unchecked executive power are coming true. Our president has savaged the rights of U.S. citizens for the benefit of "our security" and "our best interests." Our current administration regards the constitutional basis for its power as so much fine print.

Our Attorney General does not see the contradiction in barring his own citizens-cap-

tives from their due legal representation and ignoring the court's ancient obligation of habeas corpus. These are not minor rights. A citizen's right to a speedy trial is enshrined in the Magna Carta of 1215 and the Sixth Amendment of our own Bill of Rights. Amnesty International, not generally considered to be a partisan or inconsequential organization, states that "international standards require the prompt adjudication of charges for both adults and children, particularly where the accused is held in detention." By summarily detaining suspects without charges, prompt trials or legal representation, our government is violating more than just two-hundred-some years of hard-won national consensus on how we ought to govern. By treating American citizens as "enemy combatants," they have put every one of us under martial

There is no method of appeal for those who object to the Fourth Circuit Court's decision. The U.S. Supreme court may choose to hear such a case, or it may choose not to. We doubt that our nation's highest court will judge this abominable ruling on its own merit, given the court's pattern of subsuming itself to the ideology of the ruling party.

Casting our eyes to the house where Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and to Carpenters' Hall where the Bill of Rights was forged, we are reminded that we must somehow make sure our freedoms are not tossed aside in the wake of the president's blind charge on Iraq. Thousands of Americans are marching in the streets against war, and a national poll this month showed that only 34 percent of Americans would sup-port a unilateral war against Iraq. These voic-

es must be heard, and with each stubborn act of the administration, we wonder just what it will take for them to listen.



of cheeping chicks. It's this feeling we're all chasing after. Let's find it together.

Hopefully, EMILY SELLERS QUEEN VILLAGE

THOUGHTS OF MARRIAGE

RESERVATE RESERVE

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I seem to be falling down a whole lot lately - tumbling down stairs and smashing into walls, tripping over dust and crashing to the floor, slipping in the shower, and so forth. This, combined with the threads of gray multiplying on my head like potential cast members of Friends in Old City on a Friday night, has made me wonder if I am now glimpsing inept, decrepit old-agedom as it shimmers on the not-so-distant horizon. I wonder if one fine day I will quake with unspeakable horror as I mumble to an empty house, "I've fallen, and I can't get up." As my prior ambition of becoming an embittered and cantankerous Mr. Burns with many nurses on the domestic staff now looks to be financially unrealizable, it occurs to me that perhaps it would be wise to pursue the acquisition of the money-saving-brand of nurse--ie, a wife. Given my flagging energy, my ongoing jobless state, and the paltry number of social engagements that come my way in these, my summer years, I must therefore carefully decide which of these engagements will be most conducive to my purchasing a wife-nurse with that poor man's greenback, that cultural capital: social grace--a resource that, as is well known, I possess in majestic abundance.

THE NON-MOUSE

Found at 11th & Market Streets BERERERERERERE

24) If you make a batch of Cole Slaw at 8:00 p.m. on Wednesday, when should it be discarded?

a) at closing on Thursday (Day 1) b) at closing on Friday (Day 2) c) at closing on Saturday (Day 3) d) none of the above

Correct Response: See Standards Library Volume 1, Cole Slaw (In-Store) Procedure

BERERERERERERE

postmarks Not a Newport

REPORT

BY J. M. TYREE

ROOKLYN,
N.Y. - No
form of prose has worn out its welcome like the urban vignette. I suppose the reader is thoroughly weary of sketches depicting the writer's encounter with a bum or a madman on the subway

Nevertheless, I came upon an arresting scene recently that I believe bears mentioning, perhaps even meditation. The gentleman in question was an elderly wreck rummagdiscarded by fruit crates outside the University Market on Broadway. As I passed by, he pointed down at the sidewalk and confided

the following to me - "It's not a Newport." He went on his way. Confused and curious, I paused to investigate the scene, and quickly discovered that he was referring to a ground-out cigarette butt that had been snuffed and smeared by a passing foot on the cement. The butt was half-smoked, and as such it naturally fit one

key criterion for rescue and resuscitation, for

a moment's pleasure and diversion on a creeping cold November night. But as the gentleman

Illustration: JIM COMEY

had quite correctly pointed out, the discarded, smashed-flat butt was, indeed, on closer inspection, not a Newport.

I think he was right to pass it up, and, in the process of doing so, I believe that he had also hit very near the center of life. Is it not the application of discernment to a set of principles that is a key ingredient of happiness? Lest the reader imagine that I am merely making a joke at this man's expense, may I add that he was acting to preserve a sense of digni-ty? It is not difficult for me to imagine myself in a similar position, had I not had family and friends firmly determined not to let me fail

how low we have sunk, there is still another rung beneath us, and this man refused, in this instance, to take it. This smeared remnant of a cigarette still contained enough tobacco in it to smoke, but it was not a Newport, and was, therefore, beneath con-

On Winter



BY LOREN HUNT

hortly after the season's first hailstorm or flurry, I begin to indulge seriously in thisflurry, I begin to induige seriously in time-it-will-all-be-different delusions.
Winter depresses me, and it's always nice to stall for time by finding a few shreds of miserly hope in the last-ditch rationale that winter is a lovely idea in theory: Cherubic, rosy-cheeked children doing charming pastoral things like tobogganing and scattering birdseed over the pillowy sparkle of snowdrifts. Cozy evenings in front of a fireplace burning special extra-festive New England wood ordered from the L.L. Bean catalog. Santa Claus and Robert Frost and Burl Ives. The Nutcracker at Rockefeller Center and fuzzy mittens. Cocoa with whipped cream, warm feet, warm smile, warm

Unfortunately, after the holidays, these shamelessly naive and provincial fantasies get a little threadbare. It's January. January in this climate is cold, bleak, and long. There's not a whole lot to keep me from spending the entire month with my head buried under a pillow. After the initial thrill of the first several snowfalls, the novelty wears off. I lose all interest in ggans and snowshoes and blithely scattering birdseed. Instead, I fall down a lot while trying to walk on sidewalks treacherous with dirty puddles of slush. My nose runs incessantly. There are never enough little freeze-dried marshmallows in my packets of cocoa mix. I spend long hours complaining vigorously about the cold, which I often find difficult not to take as a personal insult intended expressly

January is miserable. They even have a clinical term for it: Seasonal Affective Disorder. Apparently, January is not only a fundamentally bad month; it's a disease. I obviously don't disagree with the idea that seasons affect mood, but come on now, a disorder? Using the grim situation of January as an excuse to demand a prescription for Prozac is not the answer. Life is sort of supposed to move in cycles, isn't it? After any period of excitement and novelty there is a natural need for things to quiet down, retreat into dormancy, allowing a chance to recuperate and eventually regenerate. The cycles of mood are not dissimilar from those of seasons, so why wouldn't moods have a tendency to synchronize with seasons? It's probably pretty psychologically healthy that temperate climates give seasonal cues as to how one should feel. The idea of winter in a climate where everyone wears bathing suits year-round strikes me as a little wrong, a little creepy. I wouldn't want to live anywhere else, anywhere that didn't have snow

and the opportunity to wear a really nice winter coat and fireplaces that are actually utilized. When I think of the alternatives, the idea of January begins to look a bit more lively.

Last year around this time, I cynically nursed a shallow dish full of pebbles and sever-al ugly, gnarled brown bulbs, muttering threateningly, "you fuckers better start doing something soon." They were narcissus paperwhites, a gift from my green-thumb mother who thought my apartment could use some brightening. There was something very satisfying about nurturing something so dead looking in anticipation of an eventual concrete, tangible payoff. My paperwhites stayed gnarled and bulbous for almost two weeks before the first lime-green shoots sprouted out of their little brown encasements and towards the dubious January sun. After that, they progressed rapidly. This was so exciting that I would run home to check on them at odd hours, discovering that they had grown perceptibly in the space of the several hours I had been gone. The sprouts sent up long, elegant stems and ivory-green clusters of buds that opened into translucent blossoms of the purest white. My entire apartment was suffused with the smell of Easter, new grass, bunnies in heat, and Dayligh Savings Time, although outside it was still cold, dark, and grim. After blooming for a week or so, the delicate springtime fragrance matured into something more pungent and ever so slightly reminiscent of cat pee, but I didn't care. They were entirely dead and beginning to rot before I parted with them one sad morning in February, dumping them uncere-moniously in the trash can. Now I'm a devout paperwhite believer. I am currently watering another dish full of bulbs assiduously, watching them every day for signs of life. Paperwhites in January imbue the long days with a little bit of that springtime thrill of expectation, diffusing the stasis of a season where everything else is dead or dormant.

Under normal circumstances, we would have to wait until April to see paperwhites. However, modern botany permits us to induce these flowers into blooming in our own homes, where and especially when we need them most. Just as modern medicine prescribes antidepressants for Seasonal Affective Disorder to artificially improve mood, a creative use of nature brings us paperwhites, just in time for January, to artificially evoke spring.
If January is a month in need of salvation, I will find mine in a dish full of lumpy, wrinkly, sleeping bulbs that wake up, gradually, into fragile harbingers of hope...

Washington Square

BY ROSALIE KNECHT

Il the smiling faces were turned up along the street. The women had wrapped their arms around their middles, and the men's hands were in their jacket pockets. At the west side of Washington Square there was a group of four, three men and a woman, their faces full of January sunshine. All across the square people had stopped and were looking up at the southeastern sk

I was on a bus as it made the awkward 7th Street turn up the west side of Washington Square. None of us on the bus could see anything. A moment after we'd made that turn into the curving street we became one of those quick, shy crowds that forms when strangers all see something at the same time. For half a minute we each noticed it silently, and then voices started up: "Can you see? Can anybody see? What are they looking at?"

All the people on the street and in the square had the look of fireworks about them, the tipped-back faces, the careless way they tried to keep themselves warm while they watched, the way they smiled without remembering that anyone could see them. A woman got off right there, where we were stopped trying to make the turn in traffic, and I wondered (despite the blank way she watched her feet going down the steps) if she was doing it because she wanted to see.

"Somebody's throwing stuff out the window," somebody said. Information comes that way in crowds - somebody shouts it and we all believe it. Some of us laughed. We'd been sure there was something in the sky, maybe a plane writing something, a blimp, a hot air balloon. We couldn't quite imagine what it might be: something spectacular, strange and pleasant in the sky in the middle of the day. That was all we'd read in the faces of people who could see

The bus had finished its turn, so we were neatly facing north on the west side of the square. Now we could see. All the people under

the sycamores in the square were looking up at an apartment building at the southeast corner. There was a van with flashing blue and red lights parked in front of the building next to it. We saw something big, flat and square hit the ground. Everybody watching turned to each other. There was more laughing. "Must have something to do with a woman," said an old man at the front of the bus. People agreed. An Asian woman in a red cap with red lipstick on turned to the woman next to her: "He is throwing things out of the window? Will he jump?"

'They're hoping he's not going to jump, said the other woman. I hadn't thought of that. I didn't think it would happen. People throw things when they want people to notice, to listen to them. It's pointless to kill yourself after you've got everybody's attention. Éven as I was thinking this I realized it wasn't true.

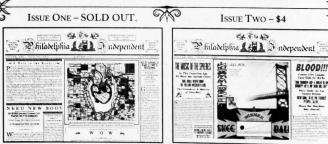
The bus stopped at the northwest corner and the tiny ponytailed Latina woman who'd been sitting next to me got off. As we crept across Walnut I saw her crossing the street. head down, while behind her everyone was still

The bus left the square. I looked out the window at 7th Street. Everyone was quiet again. Later, at work, I would hear helicopters overhead and wonder for a second what the people in the square were seeing now.

I was in the square for five minutes around ten in the morning on January 15th. I finished writing the above a little before noon. As I was finishing it someone came in saying that a man had gone crazy in a high-rise on Washington Square, thrown all the things in the apartment out the window, and set the place on fire. The Inquirer said the man climbed from balcony to balcony, broke into another condo, and set two other units on fire. At 10:30 in the morning be fell to his death from the 23rd floor.

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Philadelphia (1) Independent

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City of Man Ray, Stoker, Calder, Odets, Mead, Furness...

from PLAQUES, page 1

Odets and Ray both had working class backgrounds, and the gulf between their humble beginnings and later artistic triumphs makes our visits to their birthplaces especially resonant in a city notorious for its concern with

There are no plaques marking the homes of either Odets or Ray, or pioneering anthropolo-gist Margaret Mead, or the matinee idol Barrymore siblings or the three generations of Alexander Calders — whose sculptures have been scattered across the continent's surface from the ruins of the World Trade Center to the top of City Hall.

It would take so little for Philadelphia to piggyback on the accomplishments of these

The individual artists, actors, and scientists already did the hard part. One has only to nail up a sign to bask in the aura of fame that still emanates from their creativity. Regretably, however, the City lacks a rational plan for bestowing even token acknowledgement on its most accomplished citizens.

It's not as if Man Ray and the third Alexander Calder, whose work was being taught at art schools and universities worldwide while they were still alive, need any more acclaim. Put up a plaque for an obscurity and you're mostly doing them a favor. With those of accomplishment the

That, at any rate, is the hungry spirit with which my pals and I wander the city, halting in front of a particular house and to imagine what might have gone through the mind of a great sensibility as it looked out through those same windows.

Between its remarkable individuals, varied institutions and mass of period and even great buildings, 320 year-old Philadelphia possesses a cultural density approaching that of a European town-in potentia. So much of its cultural heritage is invisible - not forgotten so much as consistently ignored by its institutions - that we are deprived of the most vitalizing piece of our city's soul.



Philadelphia has, paradoxically to some, become a much better place in many respects over the past 30 years. I say paradoxically since over that time we've seen the definitive demise of this town as a locus of industry, combined with the physical

decline of many once well-maintained neigh-borhoods. And yet we've slowly, some would say glacially, acquired restaurants, art galleries, a revivified art museum, more theatrical, musical and literary organizations and, with a bold leap into the 19th Century, finally even sidewalk

We now have a Film Festival and the Fringe Festival and the 215 Festival, a celebrated ballet company, an orchestral hall that isn't in fact an opera house where our fine Orchestra sounded like it was sawing wood, and many additional suchlike assets. There's even a municipal Office of Arts and Culture.

Philadelphia is a little closer to being that "world-class" city it has often been fatuously touted to already be. But it's a peculiar state of affairs for a city to call itself "world-class" when it doesn't acknowledge what is most undeniably world-class about it, namely its most creative sons and daughters. How odd that a city so patently in search of self-respect doesn't accord respect to its most accomplished individuals. That's like leaving all your best players in the



As a kid growing up in a working class Italian neighborhood there was a guy with long hair, a beard and sandals who everybody called "the Poet." Our parents considered him a harmless oddball. Occasionally he'd stand on the corner with the other guys, gambler types in their silk suits, and they'd all discuss their World War Two experiences together.

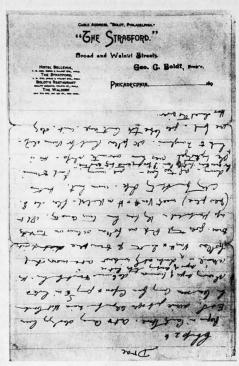
Only many years later did I find out that he really did write poetry. Another 'character' who was also seen as a bit strange by our parents was in abstract painter. Significantly, my Italian born grandparents, whose views on the arts had not been Americanized, did not differentiate between these creative types and 'regular' peo-

Most of my Philly friends in the arts also grew up in working class areas. We've all shared a few laughs over the years about an ingenuous idea we had as kids. We figured that once we

got away from the crude neighborhood attitudes, and out into the more 'cultured' precincts of our city, we would find considerably more receptivity to our creative dreams.

Only then, however, did we realize the cruel joke: that our parents had absorbed what their 'betters' thought - that art and culture are the exclusive province of the rich. There was nowhere for us to escape to (except New York or Europe of course). There yet persists something of the spirit that caused farned art collector Dr. Albert Barnes, himself the product of a South Philly slum, to be snubbed, in part because he sought out local working class artists like the Pinto brothers and bought their work. Until it came to be worth billions of dollars, his collection was ridiculed by the Philadelphia art establishment.

When Man Ray came here on one of his



A page of stationary from the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, bearing notes for Bram Stoker's Dracula. (Courtesy of the Rosenbach Museum & Library)

visits from Paris, according to his niece, he found that his mother had packed up a bunch of his work stored in her house and taken it to

the Salvation Army.. token William U.U.

This is highly reminiscent of the destruction of Frank Furness' papers by his widow. Both women were navigating in an atmosphere that not just devalued but promoted contempt

My pals and I have speculated that had the Philadelphia Museum of Art given Ray a show it would have at least signaled to his mother and their neighbors that Manny was somebody after all.

But his birthplace has yet to do him justice. He actually seems better known almost anywhere else. There's a Man Ray cultural center on Sardinia and the Man Ray Club in

Another story, perhaps apocryphal, is that Ray attempted to sue our museum when they got hold of the Arensberg Collection that includes his work, feeling they didn't deserve it.

In any case it's easy enough to imagine a certain annoyance on the part of the world famous Ray as he visited Philly repeatedly over the decades, attending family events but never once attending an opening for his own work.

About 15 years ago, I was pleasantly surprised to find curator Paolo Colombo in town. albeit caught up in this city's cultural twilight zone. He was living here because his wife had been hired as a curator at the Art Museum. Snagging the directorship at the Tyler School of Art's gallery, he put together a series of internationally recognized shows of both contemporary and historic art.

One day in the late 1980s, shaking his head in disbelief, Paolo showed me the guest book. It was sprinkled with names of prominent curaors and dealers from New York and even Europe who'd come here expressly to view those shows. He found it disturbing that not one name was from a Philadelphia cultural institution, nor from the City's arts office. Ah, these foreigners and their quaint ideas! Colombo left soon after to become director of Geneva's Museum of Contemporary Art.

Since then a greater appreciation of the

power of the arts has taken root here. Taking the plunge, it was decided to properly fund an Art Museum, portions of which had been closed down due to the inability to pay guards. Even for those too philistine to appreciate the value of fine art for its own sake, the Cezanne show demonstrated the value of cultural investment for the city's bottom line. Or, rather, the point was made by 777,810 visitors-90% of them from out of town-who injected \$122.5 million into the economy in 14 weeks.

abroad, but we also ought to acknowledge what we already have. The resonant names that adhere to a place, those that last, are the names of the artists, composers and writers associated with those places. Every day Paris draws on Man Ray's ongoing contribution to its legend. Simply acknowledging his birth would be a fine

> You can't buy publicity like that. No ad agency can replicate the penetrating psychological effect of such disinterested vehicles as paintings, novels and other artistic productions.

Connelly went to school here and moved back three years ago, and yet this artist whose work the Times calls 'a conference call among Van Gogh, Soutine and Pollock" currently has no Philadelphia gallery representation.

One should also commemorate magic, if they are of the stature of Thoreau or that rarest of guests, Emily Dickinson. These who recorded their Charles Dickens, William Makepeace place, but a state of consanguinity,

Bram Stoker took a page of notes on stationery from the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel for his novel Dracula, the manuscript of which is part of the Rosenbach Museum and Library's collection. Both Stoker and Oscar

Wilde made a point of crossing the Delaware to meet our Camden neighbor Walt here at the Curtis Institute of Music.

In keeping with Philly's forward momentum, recent years have seen the plaque situation much improved. Officially called "historic markers" and administered by Harrisburg, these are telling indicators of what's up with our cultural policies. Mining disasters, battles, forts, clergy, gristmills, canals and viaducts feature prominently. Dauphin County, which significantly includes Harrisburg, has nearly a third as many as Philadelphia where the majority of presently existing markers were erected only in the 1990s. But in 1989 the count stood at 51 markers for Dauphin and 22 for Philadelphia. As of 2000 there were 1,800 markers statewide, of which 28 honored serious if not always major writers, artists and composers. Nine of those were in Philadelphia. The Germantown birthplace of Louisa May Alcott was finally marked

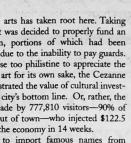
There is a plaque for composer Vincent Persichetti in front of the Curtis Institute, which raises an important issue. We neighborhood types have a concern stemming from our early difficult experiences. The arts have always been a natural social leveler, since ability and

While disinterring our creative history, we Mansion home of jazz immortal John Coltrane, Persichetti in South Philly.

By thus respecting the integrity of the city's still secret cultural fabric we can begin to know



found near Broad & Poplar



It's fine to import famous names from

first step for us. Contemporary artists have a part to play as well. In a review of Chuck Connelly's latest show, the New York Times praised "pictures having to do the artist's recent move to Philadelphia, the homey facts of his new neighborhood," going on about the charm of "Victorian houses, jumbled back yards," and the like.

eminent visitors, stealing a little extra Willam Butler Yeats, Henry David impressions of our city include Thackeray, and Henry James (who maintained that Philadelphia "wasn't a which is an absolute final condition").

Whitman, It would be doubly poignant to put up a plaque marking Whitman's final reading on the site of the magnificent Art Chib on Broad Street, torn down a few years ago to make way for hotel parking. Tchaikovsky conducted at the Academy of Music and worried over notes for The Nutcracker here. Nino Rota, who composed the scores for the Godfather and most of Fellini's movies, learned his craft

in 1996.

ambition spring up under every circumstance.

should emphasize, not diminish, the encouraging reality that talent emerges from the most ordinary places. As was done at the Strawberry we should mark neighborhood homes and birthplaces, like that of : composer Vincent

our true strength.





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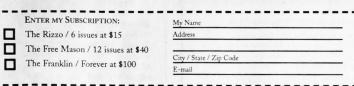
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Notes on Our Contributors

ERIK BADER is a regular contributor to THE INDEPENDENT and is crazy excited about pretty much everything and anything. He is currently struggling through his new novel, A Novel Tentatively Entitled "True Jersey", a novel that may or may not include maps, with trees that will be colored in with a green crayon. Leafy, lush, verdant trees. In fact he's so stuck on designing this fictional town that he welcomes your advice with open ears, mind, and heart, at etbader@hotmail.com. Did we mention he also plays guitar? He does, and writes music too. And how about those cartoons he's been drawing lately? It's true, he can even draw pictures. Over the holidays he announced all these talents to his mother, and exclaimed, "Mom, the world is so big! Stories, drawings, songs, maybe I'll even write an opera! I need to do it all and see it all! Travel Europe, learn science, build a single-engine biplane!" To this his mother responded, " Erik, what you need is a nice girl." He lives in East

RICHARD CHARLES is Senior Editor of THE INDEPENDENT.

ARIELLA COHEN is an Editorial Assistant at THE INDEPENDENT.

TOM DIEGIDIO has consulted the Guggenheim Museum on their Italian Art Now exhibition and served as foreign editor of Art Express magazine in New York, New York, He lives in Philadelphia and occasionally contributes

NATHANIEL FRIEDMAN lives and works in Philadelphia. He has contributed to the Inquirer, Philadelphia Weekly, and Jazziz Magazine and regularly contributes to THE INDEPENDENT.

KEITH GUMERY is a Visiting Assistant Professor at Temple University. His written work has been published in The Velvet Light Trap and American Literary Realism. He is a regular contributor to THE INDEPENDENT.

BERNARD JACOBSON is the program annotator for the Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia, a post he formerly held with the Philadelpha Orchestra. His music criticism has appeared in the Chicago Daily News, and the last three issues of THE INDEPENDENT.

MARC E. KELLER graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 2001 with a degree in Anthropology and lives in the Philadelphia suburbs. His email is marckeller88@vahoo.com

ROSALIE KNECHT is an Editorial Assistant at

JEFFREY D. PELLY is a writer. When he's not scribbling cryptic notes in his black composition book for the next great American novel, he's listening to the "Tinnitus" seven-inch, folding his fanzine Tom Foolery, and day dreaming of the white picket fences and sunset. Correspondence via electronic mail to jeffpelly@aol.com is more

ANDREW REPASKY McElhinney volunteers at the Chestnut Hill Film Group and is best known for directing the feature films Magdalen (1998) and A Chronicle of Corpses (2001). He is currently at work on his third feature film Flowers of Evil and an "untitled video installation" suggested by Georges Bataille's Story of the Eye. You may email him at arm@armcinema25.com

CLARK ROTH works at an insurance company, sings in a rock band, and is a regular contributor to THE INDEPENDENT.

MOLLY RUSSAKOFF owns Molly's Café & Bookstore at 1010 S. 9th St. in the Italian Market. She edits Joss, a magazine of poetry and was a recipient of the Pew Fellowship for Poetry in 1995.

IONATHAN SHAININ is Associate Editor of THE INDEPENDENT and lives in Brooklyn, New

IEN SHIMONY edits a beer newsletter and writes on the subject for THE INDEPENDENT.

CHRISTINE SMALLWOOD is a regular contrib-

ALEXANDER SPENCER hangs out in the office and writes briefs and humorous shorts. He floats like smoke through the city and has been here longer than anyone can remember. Read his writings online at journal.hereboy.net.

ANTHONY TIZIANA is student at Temple University. For seven years, he has served as Driver to Richard Charles, Senior Editor of THE

J. M. TYREE was the Queens, New York correspondent for Three Weeks and has work forthcoming in Radical Society. He's writing a book about

LORD WHIMSY, aka Allen Crawford, lives the life of a country gentlemen and is the proprietor of Plankton Art Company. Whimsy's electrical publication, The Affected Provincial's Quarterly and his dance video contest entitled "Lord Whimsy's Dance-Off" may be viewed online at www.plank-

JACOB WEINSTEIN is Art Director of THE INDEPENDENT, though he selected none of the art

NELL MCSHANE WULFHART is a Philadelphia book critic and write-at-large. Comments, love letters, and job offers to Nellmw@aol.com.

Flocks

Humbled by the french-press, lips slip shut, listening to coffee and blonde wood table. A sister face, ruddy as a tenement wall, closed like a pearl, whispers good night.

A station wagon careens the cul-de-sac, lost as a pigeon in a flea market.

Continents are drifting, our driveway is loping and a gazelle is racing the station wagon. I sleep twelve hours.

A plastic horn bellows Is it New Years in Riverdale?

Evening is storming words, Cassava, molasses and fish fall, wet quartz on our skin. Face tilted sing sky, my littles brother is a constellation, catching words by the tongue.

Ten-speeds, a banana seat and two bright eyes calve across sidewalk, fast as a story.

I chase after him. Elbows jilting cleavage: a Kansas lilt.

We barbeque winter. Charcoal out of iced winged burlap. Coal pops, searing snow: Heat exchanged.

Emphases, the hardness of vowels. Rs roll harder the farther I move from here

- ARIELLA COHEN











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"UP THIS END"

TO THE UNCHARTABLE DEPTHS AND NEBULOUS PERIPHERIES

The Mighty Turbines of the ELECTRIC FACTORY

from CLEAR CHANNEL, page 1

the same company.

Clear Channel declined to comment for this article.

Dilworth did not return calls to his office in Clear Channel's Electric Factory

In his December 25 City Paper column, A.D. Amorosi quoted from an email purportedly sent to the church by Curt Flood. The email not only asked for the Oldham date, but also wanted to establish "lines of communication and enable future collaboration" with the

This isn't the first time Agnew has suspected large forces lurking behind his immediate

After skirting along the fringes of legality for years, his R5 Productions got hit last summer for permit infractions. This left the 25 year-old Ardmore native scrambling to rescue dates and shows while tracking down the

source of his woes with the city's Department Inspections, or L&I as it's known

Agnew believed he who was behind it all: the mighty Clear hannel Communications Inc., the biggest broadcastand outdooradvertising company in the U.S. The San Antonio-based giant, which had revenue of \$7.97 billion - that's billion - in 2001, also is a concert promoter.

Except there is no evidence that Clear Channel was involved. L&l keeps the sources of its complaints

Clear Locally, Tweeter Center in Camden, the Tower Theater in Upper Darby, the Electric Factory at 7th & Spring Garden, the Theater of the Living Arts on South Street and the Merriam Theater on Broad Street. They also own six area radio stations including Power 99 and WJJZ 106.1.

Clear Channel also has exclusive booking contracts with the First Union Center and the First Union Spectrum. All of these venues were run by the local and independent Electric Factory Concerts until it was acquired in 2000 by SFX Entertainment Inc., which itself was quickly acquired by Clear Channel that same year.

In October, Agnew succeeded in getting the venue up to code and his problems seemed to be behind him.

PLAYING HARDBALL

Singer-songwriter Will Oldham's group Bonnie Prince Billy is about to kick off an East Coast tour. In past Philadelphia appearances, Oldham's booking agent, David T. Viecelli of the Billions Corporation, has booked Oldham small clubs through Curt Responding to Oldham's growing popularity, Viecelli and Dilworth had wanted to stage the upcoming concert at the Theater of the Living Arts, which holds about 800.

But Oldham didn't want to play the TLA, says Viecelli. Actually, he's never particularly liked playing at any Philadelphia club. He has played churches in other cities, and this time around he wanted to play at one in Philadelphia. R5 Productions, with its long history of booking the church, would be the obvious choice to set it up.

Oldham insisted on playing to an audience seated in pews and not in the traditional club setting, according to Viecelli, who said he told Dilworth that Curt Flood could promote Oldham's Philadelphia appearance only if it was booked in a church. So Curt Flood contacted officials at the First Unitarian Church ("at my behest," says Viecelli), asking to rent its sanctuary for the late January date.

To Agnew, who now lives in Queen Village, this was a threat to business. One of Dilworth's functions with Clear Channel, Agnew says, is to trail-blaze early performances for up-and-coming artists. That way, when one of them achieves commercial success (as has happened in the case of retro-rockers the Strokes), Clear Channel will profit from future concerts. Agnew has been booking at the church on a shoestring budget for seven years

and says he secured legal permits for the building this past summer. He doesn't want to see another company profit from his work

"But he [Agnew] doesn't own the church," says Viecelli. He "does not have an exclusive deal with the church."

Other promoters have used the church over the years. For a while in 1999, after the permanent closing of the warehouse Stalag 13 in West Philly, it seemed like 22nd and Chestnut was the only place for an all-ages crowd of up to 150 to see live music. Agnew and other small promoters kept the basement filled several nights a week. But this was the first time that a rival company with considerable financial clout - such as a listing on the New York Stock Exchange — tried take a concert right out from under his feet, as he sees it.

"If Dilworth wanted to put on a Will Oldham concert," Agnew asks, "why didn't he try to use one of the hundreds of other churchenemy to fair competition in both concert promotion and radio. "Owners of a local [Wisconsin] concert-promotion company told me about anticompetitive business practices by a large radio station and promotion company the Clear Channel Corporation - that were pushing them out of business."

The senator said "those producing the product - the artists - and those buying the product — the consumer — both get squeezed by the big radio-station owners and mega promoters holding all the power."

To address the issue, Sen. Feingold has introduced the Competition in Radio and Concert Industries Act, which would outlaw companies that own radio stations and promote concerts from using air time on the one to leverage the other. The bill has yet to come

Rep. Howard Berman (D-CA) sent an open letter to Attorney General John Ashcroft and Federal Communications Commission

> Powell "to express serious concern about vertical and horizontal integration in the radio, television, and concerttries." Berman said he was "concerned about allegations that consolidation of these industries by Communications Inc. has negatively affected recording artists, owners of sound-recording copyrights, sumers, advertisers, and competitors in the radio and television industries."

Chairman Michael

These politicians are responding to a groundswell of allegations against Clear Channel from inside the industry and from music fans, most of which stem from the results of Act of 1996. This act raised the number of radio stations a company can own in one

market to eight and

repealed

limits. The law allowed individual companies like Clear Channel to accumulate unprecedented portfolios of media outlets as well to consolidate their strength in individual markets. Companies like Rupert Murdoch's News Corp., AOL Time Warner Inc. and Clear Channel have a far greater say in what gets said. Or played. And when. And where. With diminished competition, they are free to charge what they want for a concert, or an

OTHER CHANNELS

Promoters in other cities have said Clear Channel muscles them out of business, but does that happen here? Do other venues and promoters lose major commercial artists? Is there any other Philadelphia promoter who wanted to promote Guns N' Roses? Aerosmith? Pearl Jam?

Maybe, but they won't get the work. Clear Channel already owns, or has an exclusive contract to promote at, any Philadelphia venue big enough for these artists. There is effectively no competition among promoters to secure concerts for most mainstream artists.

When a big-name act comes to town, Clear Channel gets the business. But there are still a number of promoters catering to smaller crowds. John Hampton books at the Trocadero and the Balcony in Chinatown and at the North Star Bar in Fairmount. Lundy books acts at the Point in Bryn Mawr. Plain Parade Booking is busy at Doc Watson's on 11th Street, and the Foundation Arts hosts a steady stream of concerts and cultural events at the Rotunda on Penn's campus. And after all his troubles, Agnew's R5 Productions is still putting on several events a month at the church.

It's up to the courts to decide exactly what constitutes anticompetitive business practices or a monopoly. But as long as artists play Clear Channel venues, fans will continue to empty their wallets at the door. And as the company continues to grow, its closest competitors are getting smaller, along with the audiences available to any artist who falls outside Clear Channel's idea of what we ought to hear.

Things...

from BURGLARY, page 1

Gone: 2 laptop computers, replete with irreplaceable documents; 1 VCR; 2 Aiwa minisystems, one carrying the first CD from the double-album Genius + Love = Yo La Tengo album, the first disc of Godspeed You Black Emperor's Lift Your Skinny Fists Like Antenna Heaven, and Morrissey's Bona Drag; 1 Minolta Super-8 camera, with undeveloped film of my backyard, bedroom, and Route 95; 1 broken Pentax 35 mm automatic camera; 1 vintage 1970s Minolta manual camera, with undeveloped film of a party and human shadows against Ellsworth Kelley lithographs; 2 Polaroid cameras; 1 CD book, full of albums from my roomate Jo's adolescence; 1 vintage point-and-shoot camera; 1 broken Sony Discman; 1 MP3 player; assorted headphones; petty cash.

A burglary is a discovery. In a mugging, the action of theft and the knowledge of theft must be violently simultaneous. But when you walk in your home to find it ransacked, there's lag time. With each step, you learn something new. There - the records are safe. There - the computers are gone. And as you explore, at whatever speed, the rooms shift and settle into new shapes, a mold, a print, of vanished persons. The house seems to have stolen from

Michael Fink, Deputy Chief of Operations for the University of Pennsylvania Police, and William Danks, Deputy Chief of Investigations, met with me in November to talk about crime in the easterly neighborhoods of West Philadelphia

"Look," said Danks, "The detectives come to your house, take some prints, tell a joke, make you feel better - what are they going to

The speculation that followed was unforgiving. What do they look like. Where are they from. What color are they. Why did they do it. Who are they. Where did they go. The only thing I gleaned from it was the realization with each unanswerable question, that despite any hope or conviction that I am different from the mainstream, outside of the American apparatus where votes are counted and taxes are paid, I am in fact so deeply entrenched in the law that I cannot see its limits. It takes an interruption like this to reveal, the networks of people, places, goods, and services that are truly marginal, that do not operate in legal, sanctioned spheres. Their very nature makes them

But when your stuff gets taken, it doesn't turn to vapor. It follows one of a number of predictable routes. Danks describes it like this: Your camera or wristwatch is sold or traded for drugs right in your neighborhood, that day, within the hour. The burglar walks into a bar, opens his jacket, and unloads whatever he can as fast as he can. Middlemen are now obsolete; even drug dealers will take goods in lieu of eash. In fact, police raids on dealers' homes are one of the main ways that burglary rings are uncovered. The fuzz comes looking for cocaine and finds stereos, televisions, and DVD players, linking back to earlier, unsolved thefts

This kind of crime isn't like defying the law by buying drugs from a friend or thinking you're punk because you put a stapler in your pocket. We know people who do those things We are people who do those things.

But finding an (almost-stolen-then-)abandoned boom box dumped on the kitchen table. its cord hanging down like a tail, amid a cyclone of papers, is like glimpsing a blurred subway map on the station wall as your fly through on the train. You can't buy access to this fringe swarm, this beehive, these routes and rivers of information and products that overlap in the lifestyles of who knows how many Philadelphians.

It becomes a question of entitlement to what extent am I owed the possessions I already own; to what extent are they owed to vants them. To what extent a that made irrelevant when someone just cross es the line and takes, when someone pulls the inside of your house out to the strange bazaar of the street, when everyone moves out because the lease is up, anyway, and we never really owned the property at all.

Danks and Fink attest that your average burglar is a petty thief with a previous arest history. A high percentage of them have drug habits to support and most work unarmed, cleaning out the place in under a minute. They stick with an area until caught, like Jermaine Bishop and Daniel Simms allegedly did this past summer.

Bishop and Simnis are suspects in a number of University City jobs that took place from August to September, including the one at 4041 Baltimore. One of them would go up to a house and ring the bell to see if anyone was home; if someone answered, he'd ask it Mike (for example) was there as a cover. Acting lost, they'd try another place. They went through a window on Spruce, or, when kids left the main doors propped for convenience, had walk in access to the building. If a resident saw them. they'd just pretend to be confused.

On September 17, they were seen loading goods into a parked ear, occupied by a female. on the 41st block of Pine Street A witness

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"Bryan [Dilworth] wasn't doing anything wrong," Viecelli said. He dismissed Agnew's implication of Clear Channel as groundless.

Lundy, of the Point, isn't surprised by any of this. "Their going after Sean's church shows how petty that company is willing to be" he

The immediate issue has been resolved. Curt Flood has withdrawn its bid for Will Oldham and R5 Productions is promoting the concert, at the First Unitarian Church, on January 30

THE NATIONAL PICTURE

But what about Clear Channel, anyway? The company holds an unparalleled stake in the entertainment industry. It's the biggest many America has ever seen, with holdings in concert promotion, radio, television, and outdoor advertising, such as billboards. Would the huge company ever stoop to swat at a fly like R5 Productions?

Recently, Clear Channel has begun to draw fire from the music industry and members of Congress who argue that the company uses its brawn in unfair ways. A promoter from Denver, Nobody in Particular Productions, is suing Clear Channel in Federal District court in Colorado. The suit charges Clear Channel with monopolistic, predatory and anticompetitive practices and claims that the company has built a monopoly empire that has decreased competition, driven up prices consumers pay for tickets and reduced consumer choices and access to artists and information, according to a NIPP spokesperson.

Also, Jade Tree Records, based in Newark, Delaware, moved its College Music Journal October showcase from Clear Channel's Irving Plaza in Manhattan to the independently owned Warsaw in Brooklyn. According to coowner Darren Walters "lade Tree felt that the best way to protest Clear Chunnel's nearmonopoly was by supporting an independent

Capitol Hill is well aware of the company. In a January 7 speech at the Future of Music Coalition Summit in Washington, Sen. Russell Feingold (D-WI) called Clear Channel an

turn to BURGLARY, page 5



METRONAUT



Machan Machan

OUR INTREPID MARINERS SET FORTH TO EXPAND THE KNOWN UNIVERSE

SYSSYSSYSSYSSYS

...Departed

from BURGLARY, page 4

called the police, and search and seizure warrants were obtained. On September 19, the car was stopped in Northwest Philadelphia; Simms, 20, with 14 prior arrests including burglaries and thefts, was charged with the breakin at 4117 Pine. Bishop, 22, with 7 priors including robbery, theft, and auto theft, was arrested on September 26. He was caught at the Criminal Justice Center, 1300 Filbert Street, where he was present for an unrelated

Bishop waived his rights and confessed to a total of six University City jobs: two on the 40block of Baltimore, two on 41st block of Spruce (one place on Spruce got hit twice), and one on the 41st block of Pine. He also admitted to a break-in on the 200 block of South 42st Street. Bishop gave police information regarding other jobs with which Simms was supposedly involved; however, the statements of a co-defender cannot be used against the coconspirator. Simms will only be charged with the incident at 4117 Pine.

Bishop's hearing was scheduled for December 6, but due to his failure to show, a bench warrant has been issued for his arrest. If and when he is caught, his bail money will be confiscated and he will be placed in custody until the next hearing. Separate bail and another hearing date will be scheduled for the incident on 42nd. Both men are black. Both are from North Philly.

That's where they took the big stuff from their last job, and presumably those before it to a strip of Germantown Avenue, from about the 3300 to the 3600 block. The neighborhood is like the streets around the Market East station men linger on the sidewalk, dispensing good-natured sexual harassment like religious pamphlets, discount stores announce cheap undershirts, cheap underwear, cheap socks all in plastic packages, Power 99 blares from car stereos. There's a traffic square off of Germantown like a parking lot, enormous and chaotic and noisy and orange and red. Inside, the stores are sad animal shelters for electronics, where the puppies are exposed to the elements, liberated from boxes, tags, or factory warranties, patiently dying on half-full shelves.

When I spoke with him in November,
Detective McCullough had said the boys were

taking goods up to "a pawn shop on Germantown Avenue," so that's where I went first. Cameras, watches, stereos, video game systems were locked up in glass display cases. Besides me, there were only men in the store.

A block down from the eponymous pawn

shop, the music store was half-empty, papers littered and strewn all over the floor, posters half-torn and curling at the edges. It was sad and eerie, but it didn't feel wrong. The space was simply too big for the number of CDs its proprietor could afford. The albums were encased in plastic. They bore the marks of legitimately overpriced music.

The sneaker stores, the general fabric and textile stores - these places are also stocked with goods in identifiable manufacturers' wrapping. There are boxes and brand-names. Merchandise is organized - underwear with underwear, Adidas with Adidas. But the electronic stores are little more than big rooms with shelves of assorted televisions, DVD players, stereo systems, computer parts, speakers, VCRs, and cameras. These are rows of miscellany, branded with anonymous orange stickers. The prices aren't even that cheap - \$150 for a television – begging the question of who exactly buys these goods. Can you walk in and trade a DVD player you lifted in University City for

a big-screen TV?
The employees were underwhelmed at my presence, raising suspicious eyebrows and glaring at the rejection of their unenthusiastic offers of help. The only other customer in three or four stores was a man engaged in a fight with a sales clerk. "I gave you fifteen bucks cash plained, raising his voice for emphasis and thrusting his finger into the counter. "Now you got my money and you got my merchandise. Give me what I paid for.' When the employee threatened to call the police, I went next door.



I wandered into Detective McCullough's office in November, looking for the possessions that had been taken away for fingerprinting back in August. Three months later, I was certain they'd be gone. But McCullough pulled a ripped brown paper bag out from underneath another officer's desk and handed it to me. It was all there. No cigar-chomping twit had pocketed the power yoga videotape or the light-up picture of the Virgin Mary. No nefarious lab technician had damaged the Bob Dylan and the Band record jacket. The Philip Glass CD case bore only the old, familiar cracks. The boom box worked. "We never throw anything away," he told me. "People always come back."

The brown bag in my lap, I sat for a minute in my parked car on Chestnut Street with the heat on full blast and the engine running, striving to get a glimpse at the faint outlines, just coming into focus, of a universe infused with some kind of order it had lacked before. ~

postmarks

Escape to Montreal

If you're not lucky enough to be born Canadian, visiting is the next best thing

BY CLARK ROTH

ontreal fucking rocks. It rocks like a cradle, and also it rocks like rock and roll. I know you've heard it said before, and probably from sources you're not inclined to trust, but if you're wanting Montreal to rock in that sensuous, self-assured way that a city sometimes will, I think this city won't disappoint. And it'll probably give you a few extra treats for your trouble. My guy and I decided to go up there because the plane tickets were cheap as hell and the prospect of a Florida vacation just wasn't getting us excited. Being members, proud or not, of that hardworking lower middle class, we can't be nonchalant about the bang we get for our vacation

So I practiced saying "I would like a beer" in French, and admittedly not much else, in preparation for the visit. Up there French predominates (say "Mone-ray-`all"); street signs

and menus and subway announcements are all monolingual, but most folks are remarkably patient about it, and will make you feel good for trying. By virtue of the city being so well-engineered and organized, on top of the citizens' surprising courtesies, it's hard not to think of the place as a unified mass of happy little lives, infinitely perpetuating each others' quaintness. This may or may not be so. If you urgently need some urban grit, note the steady stream of junkies passing by, and certain groups of college kids trying to dress ghetto-menacing. I think it's interesting how urban danger has come into vogue and given its purveyors and adherents a certain feeling of moral-or is it evolutionary?-superiority. Montreal really isn't a dangerous place like that. Do I seriously believe that the presence of guns and drugs and floating urban angst makes for a more exciting and visually interesting local culture? I guess a part of me sometimes does, by way of Bill Burroughs and the Israeli rap/metal band I saw at CBGB's once. They were from Tel Aviv, I think. They wore a sheen like bulletproof glass.

On the other hand, though, I can't help but admire the gentle, humane precision with which Montreal seems, at least on its face, to operate. It was fun to imagine, going from place to place, what it's like for folks in the dead of winter-and you can tell the weather gets Fucking Cold and Fucking Dreary during the year, but note the cheerful mosaics at the metro stations, some of their fantastical floral or futuristic designs. At the McGill stop there's a pair of uphill/downhill moving walkways that

stretch into a mirrored metal infinity. Just above this particular stop is the big gay district-and in fact Montreal boasts the largest gay establishment in the world apparently, it's about five or six floors high and sits on a full city block. With all its chaser lights and balconies and open air shops and bars and gay cafes, it looks a lot like Atlantic City's Showboat Casino, some tacky lurid pleasure cruise that's run permanently aground. Likewise much of the modern gay landscape. We opted for a club called Unity instead, sat on the roof deck and watched the young French gay boys perch and titter on white resin furniture. I learned that there's only so many Molsons you can drink before they actually start to reverse your beer buzz, but fortunately the music on the dance floor picked up just in time and we headed off to answer that call. (The hip-hop room promised in the ad never materialized, but some of the French-ladiessinging-house on the main floor was still tres

So the metro will take you just about anywhere you'd need to go in town. During rush hour the cars smell like sweat and bubble gum, like a music video for your nose. And the trains run quietly, on rubber wheels. But see, don't I prefer the hurricane scream of SEPTA's orange line or the MTA in New York? I guess I do. Nonetheless, you can't fuss too much when the system works as well as it does, and when so many of the cars are decorated with bizarre, hilarious, sexually provocative advertisements. My favorite was a shot of this clothing-store stock-girl who, by the photograph, has been caught over-relishing her job undressing the mannequins in the back. Another one, for a movie about the backwoods humor of life in upper Quebec, was a road sign with the silhouette of a highly aroused moose mounting a compact car. It guess it's like this in Europe, They just don't care about boners and boobs and pubes. They don't care. It's awe-

Before we came to Montreal someone told my guy how you'd see strip clubs right alongside churches, all over town, and you often hear of the place as being generally pretty trashy, so I had prepared myself well in advance for the mighty, thrilling, sickening waves of paradox to crash. For better or worse, the waves never came. There was actually a historical marker that discussed Montreal's sin city reputation, which dates back to Canada's Wild West days, the place folks escaped to from austere frontier living, coming to town to gamble and drink and buy whores. We did in fact see a church next to a strip club. It looked like a warehouse,



Le Croix. It lights up.

and it had a neon sign like everything else on that part of Rue St. Catharine, and there might have even been a well-dressed man in front, standing there watching all the worldliness go

Whether these are all my own projections or because the place really is that enlightened, I don't know. But I'll tell you I've always thought good Religion should fit with ease in a lot of places, and contribute, without coming off combative or intrusive toward those who aren't into it. I think Hinduism exemplifies this. You can get little God and Goddess action figures if you want, you can put Hindu magnets on your refrigerator, it can be completely kitschy or utterly, utterly serious and either way doesn't compromise the fabric of the faith. When you're talking about the personification of cosmic Hugenesses, worshipped since the dawn of civilization, caricature and ridicule and die-cast crap for a dollar can be easily absorbed into the rich history. But it takes a certain special wisdom and humility to recognize and live by this. It takes forfeiting "purism" in favor of the purity and strength of the idea-of God, of Love, of Religion. Keith Haring did a similar thing in his time, with his work. He gave up the sanctity of his artifacts and let them grove freely into the cultural force you couldn't walk ten feet without tripping over a few years back.

This is just what's happened with the Catholics in Montreal, why I felt no sickening waves of paradox. If you build a strip club across from any Baptist Church in America you'll have a picket protest and a prayer chain going before you can say "precious blood of the Lamb." In Montreal, religious folk aren't waging war on people's privates. They're just standing there, doing it, and if you feel like inclining your ear to what they say, all the fucking better for you. Everywhere in Montreal this same stubborn sweet faith is made manifest, beyond all boring arguments about the sacred and profane, church versus state, church versus guys getting high or girls stripping under neon. There's a tall angel that stands among green metal lions at the Square Jeanne Mance. There's black and green angels striking Martha Graham poses over the graves at the Cimetiere de Notre Dame des Neiges. There's saints and angels and churches and crosses everywhere, enough to make the Catholics feel very much at home and those who aren't a little more at

home than otherwise. And if you don't like God or angels at all, you can just hang out underground all day and look at pussy. Everybody wins.

Far from the madding crowds and not far at all from the famous Oratoire of St. Joseph, we sat in a little place called Duc de Lorain and had prosciutto and goat cheese kinda sandwiches and soaked in the sweetness. This old Vietnamese lady rang up our orders, again forgiving our crappy language skills, looking radiant like something dreamed up by Tibetan Buddhists.

Well and then on to said Oratoire, a massive green and grandiose domed complex up against the hillside. There's at least a hundred steps leading from the manicured lawns and gardens below to the first main doors of the

church. There's a special set of stairs for folks who want to climb the whole way on their knees. Four or five people were doing just that, kneeling on each step to say a prayer, holding rosaries, pushing their knees up awkwardly again and again. No less than a hundred times, for sure.

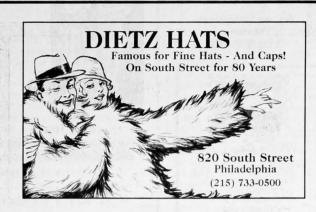
To get to the main Basilique, the high point under said massive green dome, we passed a couple different observation decks; a chapel where Asian tourists took pictures and chattered while this old French priest droned through the homily; a gift shop where I bought a pendant depicting St. Michael; the Oratoire's museum, which details the life of the founder and builder. Brother Andre, and his struggle to get the he air. At one point, getting a little off course, we came upon a little wooden box, on a little wooden stand, behind glass. The sign read simply "The Heart of Brother Andre." And of course we didn't ask.

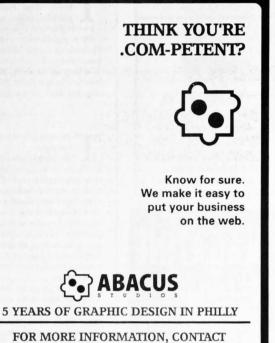
The sanctuary itself was in a state of transition, with scaffolding and everything, like they were setting up a new display in the front. The room was lit beautifully with sunlight, though, and there were twelve gaunt wood carvings on the walls, each maybe fourteen feet tall, twelve elongated apostles posing with their own

signature books or birds or crosses, severely stylized, haunting. Less serious and more Catholic-tacky but no less sobering somehow was Brother Andre's chapel, outside the Basilique and down the hill a little. Behind the guardrail stands St. Joseph, earthly father of Christ, with his famous baby and a couple of androgynous angels. A few bulbs in the light display are burned out. The placid faces seem strangely realistic and alive. The wall is hung with dozens of crutches, of all sizes, purportedly belonging to folks miraculously cured on the grounds.

Just over the hill from the Basilique stands the city's "mountain," and the wooded park that blankets it. The park was designed by Frederick Law Olmstead, same guy who did Central Park—and this is his only project outside the U.S., actually. A hundred fairy-tale landscapes unfold. Flocks of cyclists ride by. Young lovers smoke grass on the lawn. And if you hike up to the summit there's a tall cross standing there, uphill from the radio towers. It looks a little like an old-time rollercoaster. "Le Croix" is about a hundred and fifty feet tall or so, surrounded by chain link and barbed wire, like a power station, and it lights up at night, like a little assistant to the moon. This industrial strength light-up cross was erected on the spot where an early explorer had planted a (humbler) cross when he first arrived on the scene. This metal one looked like a hymn to me, of synthesis and electricity and a world of icons that sizzle and spark. Every night you could pick it out from the other lights. Every night I did.

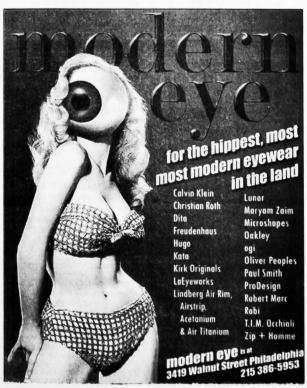
Our last night there my guy and I kinda took the high road: we had the most insanely good French dinner at a place called LaLoux on Avenue des Pins. (I've always loved how Pernod looks like the bright yellow in yellow snow. No wonder they put it in green bottles, and then mix it with its orange cousin Ricard as soon as it hits the air.) The meal was unbelievable, from salmon tartare to foie gras to the pile of sweetbreads I polished off. I love French people turning the horror of agriculture into the finest dining. It's a little lesson in resurrec-







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"The Panic"

HENRY BLAKE FULLER

A Story of THE CITY by the Famed Novelist, Unpublished for 120 YEARS, Until TODAY



BY KEITH GUMERY

the story that follows, "A Panic" by Henry Blake Fuller, has never been published before, so this is - in a sense - a world premiere. It is, without doubt, specifically a period piece that offers a view of Philadelphia in the 1880s, as seen from the point of view of a visitor to the metropolis.

Henry Blake Fuller (1857 - 1929) was born in Chicago just as that city was bursting into the kind of modern life that would

become representative of the American Century. He was born into a family of "original settlers" of Chicago, and grew up among the higher echelons of society. He was very welleducated, and visited Europe frequently throughout his life. Fuller was heavily influenced by the art, architecture and literature of the Old World, but he saw a chance for the New World to define its own terms and conditions in aesthetic matters, and he worked towards this aim for the whole of his writing life. Fuller wrote two of the ground-breaking novels of urban and economic American realism, The Cliff-Dwellers in 1893, and With the Procession in 1895. He was hailed by Theodore Dreiser and William Dean Howells as being one of America's leading and most important

novelists of the era, alongside Henry James. So what happened to Fuller? Why is he almost unknown today? Part of the explanation lies in his unwillingness to stay with what worked for him. He quickly tired of the novel of realism, and tried (amongst other genres), short stories about Americans abroad, the one-act play, free-verse in the style of Edgar Lee Masters, and shorter modern novel. One of the problems that Fuller encountered was that, while he had excellent ideas about the direction American literature should take, his execution was often sub-standard. His ideas for the techniques of the shorter novel, for example, predated the economy of style mastered by Willa Cather and Ernest Hemingway, but they were poorly demonstrated in his own novel, On the

tend to advance prices? Or would the sudden

depreciation in pumice-stone cause a sympa-

thetic decline in scrubbing brushes? Toward

noon there was a considerable advance;

Moyamensing rose from 'steen and three-

quarters to umpty-three and a half, and the

prospectus of a new scrubbing brush company

Next day still further advances. There was

came out in the evening papers.

Stairs (1918). He effectively committed professional suicide in 1919, when he published Bertram Cope's Year, an openly gay novel, at his own expense. Ironically it is the only book of Fuller's that is still in print.

"A Panic" has been preserved in manuscript form in the Fuller papers at the Newberry Library in Chicago since Fuller's death in 1929, and it is published here with the kind permission of the curator of Mid-Western Manuscripts, Diana Haskell. Fuller's visits to Philadelphia are documented in his letters and diaries, and while the date of the story is unclear, it seems that it was written in the 1880s. We know that Fuller came to Philadelphia in 1876 for the Centennial Exposition, and again during the winter of 1884-1885, when he brought his father to the city for medical care. George Fuller suffered from "nervous exhaustion," and the leading expert on the condition was S. Weir Mitchell, who was based in Philadelphia. It seems probable that Fuller wrote "A Panic" while he was here in the city with his father, or shortly afterwards. In many ways the story is a trifle, but Fuller's pleasure in the names to be found in the city, his observations of the civic pride in step-scrubbing, and the sense of life bustling in Philadelphia are all recognizable and comfortingly familiar, I think. Here is a Chicagoan coming to Philadelphia, and building a story about what he saw here in the 1880s.

→ his spring I had occasion to spend a in Philadelphia. fortnight Philadelphia is a large settlement on the banks of the Delaware, and is a place of some importance - to Philadelphians.

Last April it had come to be a place of some importance to me, as well. It is celebrated in the medical way. It is the home of a certain great specialist in throat troubles. To this personage I had brought for treatment my own dear, sainted, idolized mother-in-law; a long-indulged habit of free and unrestricted converse had deprived her of the use of her vocal organs.

We put up at an Arch Street boarding house and learned the address of our specialist; and I looked forward to the happy day when her dulcet tones should once more fall babblingly on mine ear. In time they did.

Next morning I awoke about an hour after daylight and looked out of my window. What a sight met my eyes! The early beams of the sun fell slantingly upon the house-fronts up and down the street - hundreds of them, and all alike. Before each house there was a short flight of marble steps, and upon each flights of steps knelt a female figure.

"H'm," thought I; "a community of sun-

worshippers," and popped back into bed.

After breakfast I turned my relative over to the specialist and went out to see the town. My friend, Cadwallader Penn, a great-grandson of the Founder (capital F., please), called round by previous appointment and undertook to display all the indigenous frivolities of the place. I told him I supposed I ought to see Girard College and Carpenters' Hall. His reply astonished me.
"Girard College be blowed!"

That from a Philadelphian!
"No," he went on. "If you're going in two

or three weeks here, you want some better way to amuse yourself than that. I'm going to take you out to the Manyunk and Moyamensing Consolidated. I've got a little stock in that "Manyunk and – what?" I gasped. "But no;

never mind, I've got one case of disabled larynx on my hands, and that's enough. But I wish you would tell me what that woman there is about," I added, pointing to a belated worshipper who was still kneeling at her shrine. "Do they keep up this ritual all day?"
"What ritual? Oh, I see; why, she's scrub-

bing the steps - that's all." I looked again. 'Twas even so. On one side

of the female was a bucket of water; on the other side was a big chunk of pumice-stone. With her right hand she worked a scrubbing

"See that brush?" asked Penn. "I'm going to show you where they make 'em."

He took me to an immense building on the outskirts of the town. It was seven stories high; it employed a thousand hands, he said; it manufactured scrubbing brushes exclusive-

"This is the M & M," Penn remarked. "Safest thing in the market. Bought for a rise myself, yesterday. Sure to come up booming. Take a little; my brokers will fix it up for you if you say so.

Speculation in scrubbing brushes! I was dumb. Then he took me round to the Liberty

and Independence. This was ten stories high; it employed three-thousand hands; it manufactured scrubbing brushes exclusively.

"This is a purchase too," he said; "ninety-

eight and a quarter. Plant alone worth four millions. Stock down just a little bit at present, but sure to come up again when the strike's over."

"What strike?" "Well, you see the L & I make a giltedged article, for use on Walnut Street. But the coachmen there declare they won't do women's work any longer, and there is a sort

of deadlock in consequence. Consumption's fallen off a little, and factory's running on half-time. Be all right in a week or so; better buy for a rise."

Then he took me around to the Grand Universal Pennsylvania and Passyunk. This factory, one of a dozen similar in the same neighborhood, was twelve stories high; it employed ten thousand hands; it manufactured scrubbing

exclusively.

"Big thing," said
Penn, complacently. "Speculation here, you see, has a pretty sub-stantial basis - like everything else in Philadelphia. Capital stock, eight millions; surplus, eight more. Factory working day and night, and the craze for cleanliness growing with every hour. Safest thing going. Come round to Quaker and Shaker's with me and take a small block."

I let him persuade me. There would be some amusement, and possibly some profit, in a flyer on the scrubbing brush. I didn't care for the profit, but I did care for the amusement

- I was in Philadelphia. On the way to the brokers' we looked into Pumice-stone Exchange, and caught the fag end of the Wooden-pail Board.

"This is a bucket shop," said Penn.
"Beware."

I left Quaker and Shaker's with a good stiff lot of Moyamensing, something in the way of Passyunk preferred, and an odd trifle of Girard and Rittenhouse first mortgage 6's.

"Now," said Penn, "you're pretty well fixed out. This is going to be a deuced lively week, and if you enjoy your stay here, thank me."
With that, he left me, and as he spake, so

verily it came to pass. The very next morning things began to buzz. The papers were full of the discovery of a vast pumice-stone quarry in Chester County. How would the market act? Would the prospect of unlimited stone for use in con-

nection with innumerable scrubbing brushes

the rumor of a contract let for a row of fortyfive houses in West Philadelphia; the specifications called for seven steps instead of the old time five, and might bring about a new fashion. I bought a block of Vine and Race at x + y and sold out within an hour at x + y_, a clear gain of as much again as half.

That same afternoon the Brush Manufacturers' Amalgamated Union met and decided to petition the Council for a law compelling the householders to scrub their steps seven times a week instead of six, and the oldfashioned statute called for. The cholera was coming, they declared, and the whole town was in a terribly filthy condition. This petition was presented the next evening, and the Lord Mayor himself spoke in its favor.

Things grew hot. The Quakers called a meeting to protest against the proposed desecration of First Day. The noblesse of Walnut Street, casting their eyes towards the ambitious stair-flights of their hereditary foes, the plebians of Girard Avenue, smiled to themselves and backed the Mayor and the Union. The servants banded

together and planned an assault on City Hall. Medical circles were interested, but hopelessly at variance. One faction held that the town was safe under the old arrange-Another ment. thought that if many non-scrubbing Sundays were allowed to pass the town was as good as doomed. The report spread that front steps were to be abolished altogether and that ladders would come into use. A rumor ran that the sanitary engineers had declared that white marble was unhealthy, anyhow. The Citizens Association came along and petitioned for the abolition, at once and forever, of all front doors.

Under such stimulation, the Brush Exchange did the biggest day's business of its life. Speculation was rife (I don't know what "rife" means, and Philadelphia could tell me). Everybody was on deck, regardless of age, sex, or social status, buying and selling vociferously.

The cab-drivers left their platforms at the end of every trip to see if there was any need of putting up more margins. The soap-fat men called he latest figures a every backyard gate on their beats.

Our chambermaid - in the "cooler" for

her share in the mobbing of the Lord Mayor - received quotations every half hour. Our cook, convicted of having a ticker concealed in the coffee pot, was discharged - and bought a mansion in Rittenhouse Square the next day.

I myself bought up stocks and salted down profits, until the thing got tiresome Everything I touched turned to gold: Second Girl Limited netted me a cool ten thousand inside of an hour; Fairmont and Schuvlkill soared away through the blue empyrean within five minutes after I touched it. As I went home that evening, loaded down with profit and glory, I felt that my friend Penn had a pretty good notion of how to make a visitor

"enjoy" himself.

Next morning my mother-in-law asked me on her fingers if she might not go with me to the Exchange. Dear soul! I took her at once; I didn't quiet know what she was after, but a small, still voice told me that I had been neglecting her.

Chestnut Street was one frenzied mob. So great was the crush that several people had to leave the sidewalk for the gutter. So excited was the crowd that two or three men were observed to shout and to wave their hats. A thousand startling and contradictory reports were in circulation. Liberty and Independence had gone teetotally to smash; the president was in the penitentiary and the whole board of directors had committed suicide. Pumicestone was pulverized. The bottom had fallen out of pails. Associated Scourers had fallen from 96°C to 37°F and was expected to get down to zero. The Founder was rumored to have turned in his grave.

Just then the great-grandson of the Founder came along. He was excited. He wore no hat; his coat was almost torn from his back; his cravat was under one ear. "Read that telegram!" he said, thrusting a bit of brown

I did read it:

Chicago, Apr. 18th

Cadwallader Penn, Phila. -

Trichinae broken out at the union stockyards. Thousand deaths already. What shall we do?

Rowdy C. West

At the same moment the same intelligence was bulletined in a window nearby. "Well, what shall we do?" I asked.

"Do?" he yelled. "Don't you understand? Hogs dying by the million! No hogs, no bristles! No bristles, no brushes! No brushes, and what follows? Business paralyzed; labor stagnated; bankruptcy, starvation; ruin staring the community in the face; the entire country prostrated beneath the blighting and petrifying maelstrom of - oh, good gracious! You're ruined man and you don't know it! Not one share of all your holdings is worth a single, solitary, ensanguined centime, and yet you can

My mother-in-law here gave out a mighty and triumphant whoop, and fell upon my neck. In the intense and protracted excitement of the day her voice had come back.

"Ha!" she shrieked, just as I was about to we are sa-a-a a-a-ved! For know ye that all this time I have been operating in view of a decline, and lo The decline is here. Once more, now, for the cigars!" she said, and gave me a muscular hug.

And then it all came out: how she had kept the run of the market every day since her arrival; how she had had a private wire carried up the speaking-tube and ending in a bandbox; how she had had her own special advices from the nest twenty-four hours ahead of all competitors; how she was a millionairess three times over for the rest of her natural life; and how I, even I was to have a full and gratifying share in the net results of her luck and pluck. Her voice, always sweet, never sounded sweeter than when she made me this promise.

If you have a mother-in-law, treat her well. If you haven't, get one.

MISCELLANEOUS LISTINGS OF NOTE

THROUGH JANUARY: Trophy Bikes hosts the Trainer Time Trials, where constestants can put their road bikes on Minoura Hypermag Trainers, ride in the shop window in full view of Market St., and compare their mileage with other riders. \$1 donation for Bicycle Coalition of Greater Phila. Call 215-625-7999 for details.

JANUARY 21: Brenda Coultas, Deborah Richards, and

FEBRUARY 2: Dave McKenna reads from "citywolf" in the second of the Novels in Progress series. Molly's Bookstore, 1010 S. 9th St., 7 p.m. Free.

FEBRUARY 6: Spotlight Series features readings by Diana Ayres and Harry Groome. Kelly Writers House, 3805 Locust Walk, 7 p.m. Free.

FEBRUARY 16: Ladytron with Simian at the Trocadero, 1003 Arch St., \$14. FEBRUARY 17: Screenwriter Walter Bernstein speaks at Kelly Writers House, 3805 Locust Walk, 6:30. Free. Please Join Us At 514 Books, 514 Bainbridge Street, Phila., Penna.

To Celebrate the Release of THE INDEPENDENT, Issue #5 🗪 Friday, January 24, 2003 8 p.m.

Live music. Beer. Key competition, so bring yours. Spontaneous readings. Interesting persons. 10 percent discount off all books. Free, Sponsored by Yard's.

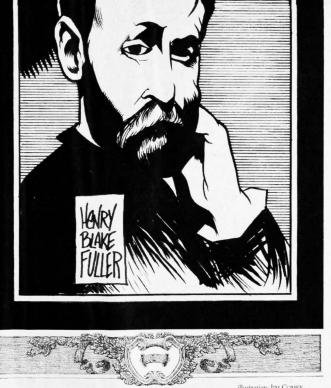


illustration: JIM COMEY

EVERY SATURDAY: Philadelphia Poetry and Literary Forum, St. James Lutheran Church at Castor Ave. and Pratt St., 2 p.m., \$1.

JANUARY 19: WXPN rebroadcasts an earlier reading/performance featuring Joey Sweeney, K Kweder, Deborah Burnham, and others. 88.5 FM

Kathy Lou Schultz read their work at the Kelly Writers House, 3805 Locust Walk, 7 p.m. Free.

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JANUARY 18 & 19

CONTAMINATION FESTIVAL at the Trocadero

Every once in a while, a band comes along that seems more like a lifestyle than like a bunch of people playing music. The Grateful Dead, with their hordes of weeded out smellhounds and tie-dyed shirts, was one. Crass seemed to attract a whole slew of charged squatters who still hang around twenty years later.

Neurosis is probably another one. Besides pushing at the walls of harsh, heavy, hypnotic (but somehow melodic) sounds, using a projected slide show as an integral part of live performances, and encouraging the crowd to participate in extended drum jams, Neurosis also made it ok to have tribal tattoos and wear your hair in dreadlocks. Not ok for me of course. I'm just saying, you don't have to drive a jeep to have an obscure Indian symbol branded on your shoulder anymore. All you have to do is wear a t-shirt that reads "Enemy of the Sun" across the chest. You'll also fit in nicely if you can get a job in computer programming and develop a vague sense of dread.

Neurosis – whose music welds the best parts of punk and metal without being banished to the genre of "crossover" — is headlining the first night of Upper Darby-by-way-of-Millersville Relapse Records' Contamination Festival at the Trocadero on January, 18. The other notable Relapse act, High on Fire, is playing the following evening. As is a screening of a Neurosis DVD. Thus, those clever devils at Relapse will cajole thirty-four of your dollars in exchange for 2 hours of stellar spectacle, 6 hours of guys playing loud guitars, and two nights of your life.

Festival tickets are \$17; doors open at 6:00 on Saturday and 5:30 on Sunday. After-parties are 21+, \$5 without stub. For a complete schedule and more information, go to www.relapse.com/high.

January 23

ALICE JANE KLUGHERZ

There's a very nice woman in South Philadelphia named Molly who owns a bookstore and hosts fun, free events for people who like pastries and words. On this particular Thursday the entertainment is provided by Alice Jane Klugherz, an upand-coming comedienne/spoken word maven who'll be addressing such alliterative topics as death, dancing, and organ donation. Listen, laugh, eat cookies, and peruse the rack of original '40s and '50s trashy dime novels in protective plastic sleeves. While you're there you can say hello to Molly, her daughter, and her cat. Molly's Café and Bookstore, 1010 S. 9th Street. 8 p.m. Free.

January 23

bell hooks

This evening famed writer/ activist, bell hooks is scheduled to talk with everyone at Montgomery Auditorium, located in the Free Library of Philadelphia, 1901 Vine Street. But perhaps you're thinking, "But I've no disposable income." Well, that's a poor excuse, friend. Besides, the lecture is free and open to the public. Then maybe you'll respond, "Well, I'm awfully apathetic, plus I don't care about social issues or responsibilities." Fair enough, maybe you should stay at home and do nothing at all. Or maybe you retort, "bell hooks? But she is a writer, and I go to public events to look at things and not to use my head." Actually, while Ms. hooks is a writer, she's also an engaging public speaker. Besides, you're thinking of study group, not a public speaking engagement. However, for those who'd like to be provoked, entertained, agitated, and inspired, please grace bell hooks with your presence. The lecture will begin at 7 pm, not a minute before, not a minute after.

FEBRUARY
4

RANDALL KENNEDY at the Free Library

R and all Kennedy is the author of a book that few people can comfortably talk about. Reporters who interview Kennedy sometimes resort to covering their copies of the book in plain brown paper; other readers describe their discomfort at being seen with it in public. The book is called Nigger: The Strange Career of a Troublesome Word, and Kennedy's goal is to discuss precisely how we'll should respond to a word that may be one of the last and deepest American taboos. Under the auspices of the Free Library Lecture Series, the Harvard Law professor will discuss Nigger as well as his forthcoming book Interracial Intimacies, which explores the social, historical and legal implications of interracial relationships. The talk will take place at 8 p.m. in the Montgomery Auditorium at 1901 Vine Street. Admission is \$12, \$8 for students, or \$6 for Simulcast viewing once the auditorium

FEBRUARY 11

STEVE BENSON at the Kelly Writers House

Often, in the course of your day (mumbling stock apologies to panhandlers, exchanging ritualized greetings with strangers, perhaps repetitiously answering a company phone with an insincere sentence for pay) you might have occasion to remark to yourself that the artistic possibilities of verbal expression are going tragically underexplored. And you are right. The poet Steve Benson is in the field of "spontaneous verbal improvisations," which, if we are honest with ourselves, is what most of us spend most of our time on. However, his verbal improvisations have the distinction of also being "experimental," which puts him one step ahead of the rest of us. So does the fact that he's performed all over the country and been featured in various anthologies. See him perform at the Kelly Writers House, 3805 Locust Walk, 5 p.m. Free.

FEBRUARY 21

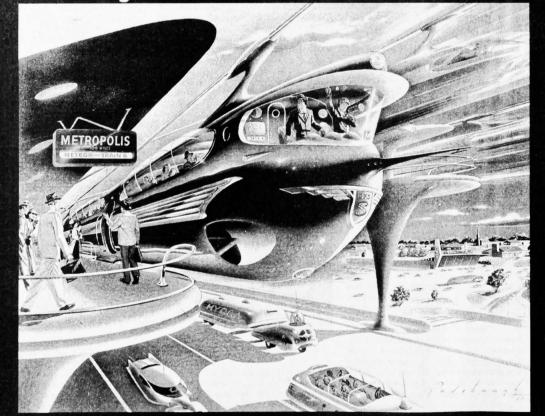
PANORAMIC POETRY at the October Gallery

The first Friday of your month was spent cavorting delightedly around Old City. The second was occupied in the manner of most Valentine's Days, either with Lawrencian tremblings or lots of drunken wall-staring and sad songs with slide guitars in them. Either way, we all need something to invigorate and encourage us for the remaining week of the month. The Independent suggests that you gather yourself together and head up to the October Gallery at 68 N. 2nd Street to take in Panoramic Poetry, a twicemonthly (second and third Fridays) reading/performance featuring local poets. Assuage your loneliness with mass empathetic exchange. 7:30, \$5.



a sight met my eyes! The early bearns of the

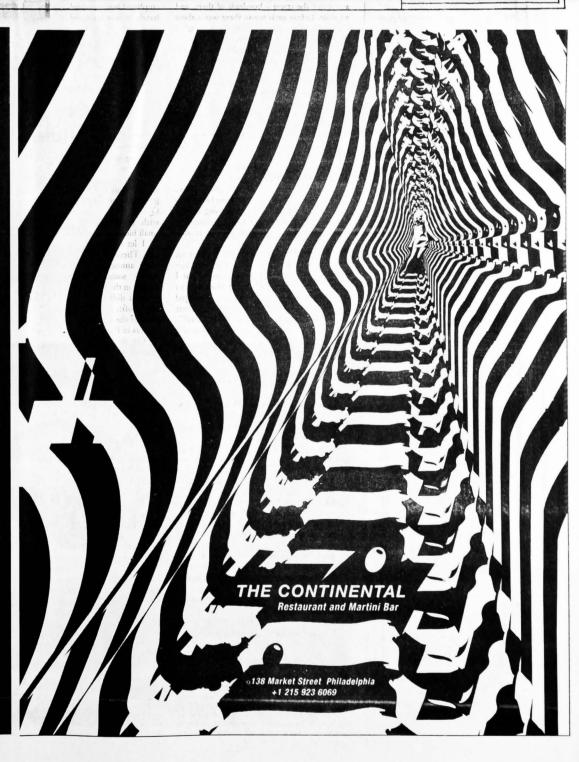
Radebaugh: The Future We Were Promised



Rediscovered Works By The Mid-20th Century Futurist Illustrator, A. C. Radebaugh

> Opens First Friday, March 2003 LOST HIGHWAYS ARCHIVE & RESEARCH LIBRARY 307 Market Street, Philadelphia

preview the entire exhibition online at www.losthighways.org

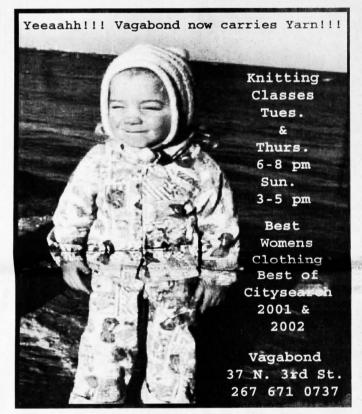


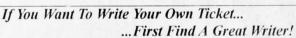
SHOOKOOKOOKOOKO

ALSO KNOWN AS PAPER LIONS, PAPER BEARS, PAPERDELPHIA, AND THE ESCRITOIRE'S ACCOMPLICE.

Mochochochocho

FORT ST DAVIDS BOOKS proudly presents The Pilot and the Panda by Erik Bader This special edition will be limited to one hundred signed and numbered copies, available only in the fair city of Philadelphia. This beautifully crafted small-press run will include a forward by Joshua Carr as well as an introduction by the author specially written for this edition and this momentous occasion. The five-hundred and fifty-six-page novel was carefully typeset and designed by Alexander The first thirty copies are available by reserve via email. Write to THEPILOTANDTHEPANDA@HOTMAIL.COM for information about reserving your copy. Why bother with postage when we're all citizens? Your reserved copy will be hand-delivered to you, with a smile and a handshake. You have no idea how excited we all are about this and we hope to share our excitement, our passion, our hope, our dreams, and our love, with you. Thank you.







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Psychotherapy Demystified



Each STREET a SHELF, Each HOUSE a BOOK

Novel complete & pumpkin safe, our correspondent dips into his neighborhood's canon

the view from East Falls

BY ERIK BADER

irst off: to all the sympathetic and thoughtful readers who sent in altruistic missives concerning the fate of my poor pumpkin, phone numbers for East Falls town watchmen, defensive suggestions for pumpkin protection, clipped coupons for savings on new pumpkins, the location of secret pumpkin patches in Pennsylvania, pumpkin seeds, geo-graphical data mapping out rashes of pumpkin smashing nationwide, statistics showing the rising tide of adolescent-on-pumpkin violence over the past ten years, recipes for pumpkin pie, a pumpkin pie, a Tastycake Pumpkin Pie, omemade pumpkin pie, the history of the Jack-O-Lantern, a drawing of a pumpkin, a print of a little known Cézanne painting depicting a pumpkin, a pumpkin mask, a plastic pumpkin filled with Kit Kats and Reese's Peanut Butter Cups, a poem about a pumpkin, the fact that the largest pumpkin ever weighed 1,140 pounds, a burned CD of Siamese Dream by the Smashing Pumpkins, a 20oz. Pumpkin Spice Cappuccino from Wawa, an open letter regarding discipline addressed not to the parents of my neighborhood but to the children...to all of you who have written with such loving concern, I have this morsel of good news to impart: our pumpkin survived.

Not to say we lived without fear. Far from it. Fear was with us, but the important thing is that we remained strong. Every night, making my way up Frederick Street, I'd see evidence of pumpkin violence everywhere: shattered shards of rinds and seedy innards strewn all across the hopeless pavement. My heart would sink until I reached my street, where I would behold my pumpkin, sitting with triumphant aplomb in all its glorious orange, resplendently bathed in the warm porchlight. Often I'd consider taking the poor helpless seasonal vegetable back into the safety of the house, where it could bring good Halloween cheer to myself and my roommate and fear no evil. But no. Oh no. Our pumpkin would remain on the porch as the last standing bastion of truth, fearless in the midst of this all-out terrorism. And the war raged on everywhere. All over town you'd see it: an oozy mess of seeds and juicy death coagulating next to a bus-stop, a smashed orange tragedy next to a rocking chair on an elderly woman's porch, a slushy streak of violated pumpkin cadavers in front of the deli. There was no way to predict the next strike. The bastards worked late at night, silent and seemingly random. But we were steadfast, our squash was not to be squashed. And in the end, truth, freedom, and the American right to proudly display vegetables won out. pumpkin lives.

> All my life I've heard one makes many – CHARLES OLSON

As the adjacent photo 1 shows, I recently made an excursion north to Gloucester, Mass., researching what remains of the legacy of the poet Charles Olson (1910-1970). And among many other wonderful insights that space does not warrant divulgence, I discovered that yes, n fact, the man's legacy lives on. In short, Olson, besides his final profession as a poet (he had also served in the State Department under Roosevelt, taught at the experimental Black Mountain College - whose alumni include John Cage and Cy Twombly - wrote one of the first definitive studies of Herman Melville, was a professional dancer, and a postman, just to name a few), considered himself a historian, ('istoran, as he would have it), the evidence of which is most clearly seen throughout the body of his major work, The Maximus Poems. It is a truly American celebration of place and locality, passed down from the poet William Carlos Williams (1883-1963) who celebrated Paterson, NJ, and his own Falls (The Passaic Falls) in the epic poem, Paterson.2 shocked, surprised, and delighted me in my snooping and shuffling around Gloucester is that the people of the town - not all of them, of course, but a significant number - still celebrate this sense of *place*, of historically living in a present future, as I'd like to call it³. And it's this sort of informed living that I'd like to bring to my own present neighborhood where I hang my hat and lay my head. Recent forays into the Falls of Schuylkill branch of the Philadelphia Free Library have put me in contact with a number of astonishing facts, local legends,

"For beautiful scenery, romantic beauty, and fine fishing, there was no place in the



Erik Bader on his recent excursion north to Gloucester, Mass.

vicinity of Philadelphia could at least comsays one comment on the Falls of Schuylkill, made around the turn of the last century. The sheer amount of rich information I discovered in my meandering peregrinations through this bulk of historic documents simply bowled me over. Stories of the old Falls and how depending on the wind they could be heard from up to five miles away, of Devil's Foot and the superstitions attached to it, one man's account of a winter when the Schuylkill froze over and how he skated down it for two weeks from East Falls to Fairmount on his way to school, the old Midvale Theatre one block away from my house, the Young Men's Literary Institute which was a half block from my house, and of course, the endlessly informative editorials of A.C. Chadwick. From what I've gathered, this perennially prolific and charmingly chipper Chadwick wrote mostly from the 1920s and through the '30s, for almost any local paper, the East Falls Herald, the



Charles Olson.

Philadelphia Record, and even the Inky, writing exclusively about East Falls and the surrounding neighborhoods. His columns, including 'Along the Schuylkill with Scaff" and "The East Falls Optimist", recorded weekly local observances as well as expounding on past histories and facts, were perfectly in line with the new kind of journalism I've been learning from men like Olson: a galvanic observance of current events always with an eye on the dark crystal of the past and an ear towards signalbringing winds of the future. And though his poetry, which is sprinkled generously throughout all his writings, tends to be mawkishly mushy maudlin and not a little corny, I still intend to convince the city to commission and install a statue of the man (ideally on the corner of Kelly and Midvale) with this legend: "A.C. Chadwick: Poet of East Falls.

It feels good to be dipping into this warm and inviting undertow beneath the Falls of the past, and certainly more productive than what I've usually done with my free time here, which tended to consist of fearing the children, wandering aimlessly, drinking expensive coffee at

the Hidden River Café, checking out the cute girls at Johnny Mananas, wrestling with dogs at our friends house on Calumut Street (as well as drinking all their soda and rearranging their furniture – long story, don't ask) or dreaming up my impending takeover of our local newspaper, The Fallser, which I will rename The Falls-Staff (just you wait). Or, observe me on any given evening here in East Falls, when, aided by boredom and a handful of highballs, I make my way to the stoplight on Midvale where I wait for unsuspecting cars whose speed I deem inappropriate, my finger already poised on the trigger of the crosswalk button, then BAM! Here's a red light for you, fucker. Observe, as I saunter across the street, no other traffic in sight. Light a cigarette: you're gonna be there for a while⁴. And let's not mention the consternating contretemps at the local tap house involving me, drunk working class yellow-collar⁵ locals, and my totally wrong choices concerning loading the jukebox (gee, you'd have thunk that they'd have *liked* the Doors, right? Wrong!)

So now I spend my time wisely at the library – the one on the corner of Vaux and Midvale and the one that is on every corner here in East Falls...each street becoming a shelf and each home a book to be opened and each person a page to be read and each day a new word to be learned. The knowledge gleaned from my studies of my own neighborhood carries over into my understanding of Philadelphia as a whole – finding out where we stand in the big picture leads to discovering where I stand in the big picture. "Any object, intensely regarded" Stephen remarks in Ulysses, "may be a gate of access to the incorruptible eon of the gods."

Our fair city, in all its still-shining history and ever-effulgent present, sings the song of itself. And I say it's high time that we learn the words and start singing along. Amen? Amen.

FOOTNOTES

¹ And hey you. You the joker who snickers at pictures like that and thinks, oh look at that, he's reading poetry, har dee har...for you I have this to say: that, corny as you may nervously declare, pretentious as your jaded radardenotes, the fact remains that that picture was taken in America's oldest fishing town, in what felt like 20 degree weather, while reading the poems of Charles Olson on a rock he once wrote about, to two of my best friends, and brother, it was beautiful, and sister, it was fucking fun.

² And of course, the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound, *the* archetypal epic poem of the 20th century, which celebrated the buried history of all of Creation. See also Louis Zukofsky's "A", the most overlooked (and deplorably the least studied) of the four great epics of that century, which deals mostly with Bach, Brooklyn, the Bard, and *love*.

My working title for this column was "The Pleasant Peasant Pedant." Tee hee.

⁴ In a serendipitous example of the past anticipating the future, I found *this* augural adage in a Chadwick editorial from 1931: "Motorists making the descent to Ridge Avenue and East River drive rush along at a totally uncalled for speed." Well, old ghost, know that your fight was not for naught. Out there, at night, by the stoplight, we are there, making sure *the fight goes on*.

⁵ Yellow: the color of piss and Budweiser. And George Eliot was wrong: the working class is definitely *not* the "modest mouse".

⁶ This is from Olson's A Bibliography on America, and since Olson was a master of weirdo typography (descended from Pound's clipped and abbreviated coding who apparently got it from – get this – John Adams) let me just ballast a hearty canopy of "sic." over the whole thing: "Best thing to do is dig one thing or place or man until you yourself know more abt that than is possible to any other man. It doesn't matter whether it's Barbed Wire or Pemmican or Paterson or Iowa. But exbaust it. Saturate it. Beat it. And then U KNOW everything else very fast: one saturation job (it might take 14 years). And you're in, forever."



MOMONOMOMO

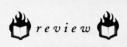
READING BETWEEN THE STRIPES.

The Walden of My Condo

Franzen maps out some flat & well-trodden terrain in his new collection of essays

HOW TO BE ALONE

By Jonathan Franzen New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux



BY NELL McShane Wulfhart

onathan Franzen, acclaimed author of The Corrections, The Twenty-Seventh City, and Strong Motion, releases this essay collection to high expectations. The Corrections, published last year, earned mostly rave reviews, while giving Franzen himself a permanent reputation as the man who was 'uninvited' from Oprah's Book Club. The fourteen essays in How to Be Alone are mainly newer versions of pieces that had previously appeared in The New Yorker, Harper's, and other publications. Franzen writes on subjects as diverse as his father's surrender to Alzheimer's disease, the state of the Chicago Postal Service, and, disconcertingly and unsuccessfully, on popular sex books. Don DeLillo, one of the most overrated Americans writing today, gets several mentions, and is noted as a correspondent and close friend who shares the author's views.

While certainly a worthy, lauded novelist, Franzen does not bring that same talent to his non-fiction. He possesses an endearing honesty - Franzen admits he can't understand an essay he wrote six years ago. He rails against tobacco companies while admitting that he is a smoker. He admits that a friend gave him a VCR "to make me stop talking about not having one." While this is enjoyably candid, it is also self-indulgent and lazy: he is, in effect,

pre-empting criticism. And criticism he deserves, as *How to Be Alone* is a overall a disappointing and sterile effort.

Franzen researches carefully his journalistic excursions into the new, high-tech prisons ("Control Units") and the fallacies of cityplanning ("First City"). But although vaguely interesting, Franzen never involves himself enough with his subject. He is reporting, surely accurately, but if even he doesn't seem to care about his subject, why should we? Franzen uses these essays to explore themes of solitude and the way Americans live, but ultimately ends up saying nothing new. "Lost in the Mail" is a factual, well-researched and interesting discussion of the Chicago Postal Service and its numerous problems. It is occasionally amusing and anecdotal; at one point Franzen tells us: "I ask Johnson to tell me the most interesting thing that has happened to him in his nine years of carrying mail. After a moment's thought, he says that nothing interesting has ever happened to him." But it says little of for a man who is a self-proclaimed worrier about the state of modern reading and writing. I am not suggesting that fiction writers should restrict themselves to fiction only, but until they produce more compelling non-fiction than this, it might be a good idea.

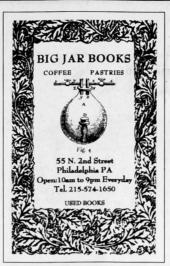
In "Imperial Bedroom" he discusses the American desire for, and simultaneous rejection of, privacy. Like most people, he thinks the issue is overrated, and values convenience over the risk of being observed. He asks that we not be as concerned with knowing every-thing about each other ("We all know there's sex in the cloakrooms of power, sex behind the pomp and circumstance, sex beneath the robes of justice; but can't we act like grownups and pretend otherwise?") which is a fair point, if one belabored practically to death. However Franzen himself complains that we are, as a nation, too private, isolated in our homes with

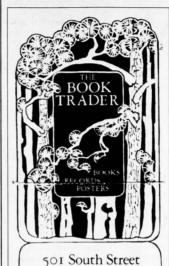
our entertainment systems, and have all the privacy we could desire - indeed, too much.
"My Father's Brain" is the best essay in the

collection, a documentation of his father's battle with Alzheimer's disease. It's nicely scientific, enough to make you feel you're learning mething, but not too difficult to understand What begins as an analytical description of the disease and its effects on his father manages to become a poignant, though not sad or emotional, piece on the ravages of disease and the issues of isolation it brings.

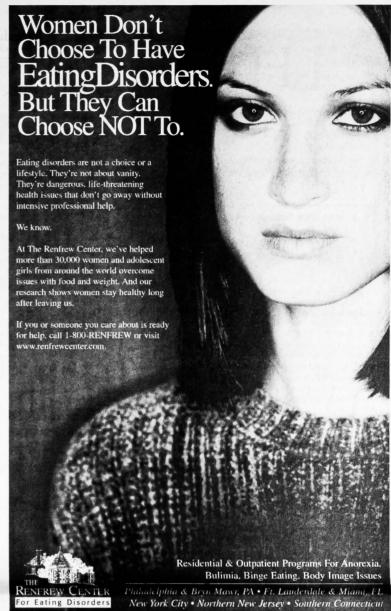
In the end, How to Be Alone is interesting, but not compelling. Franzen is a good writer, but lacks the passion to back up his carefully made arguments. And while we appreciate his honesty (re: his depression, the contradictions inherent in some of his arguments) there's no need for him to shoot himself in the foot. He's apathetic and resigned to the dumbing-down of society, while simultaneously emphasizing the responsibility placed on novel writers to rescue us from that condition. He agonizes over issues in private (smaller audience for fiction of the kind he is selling, the increasing domination of technology in our lives) but he refuses to propel any of this passion into his writing. Instead we get angst. Occasionally he is inexcusably narcissistic and self-pitying. In describing the nearly non-existent public reception of The Twenty-Seventh City, Franzen says "I'd already realized that the money, the hype, the limo ride to a Vogue shoot weren't simply fringe benefits. They were the main prize, the consolation for no longer mattering to a culture." Does anyone feel sorry for him?

What shouts loudest in this collection is personal struggle, grumbling and depressive, behind the words. Although he makes an effort with this collection and certainly invites you to reconsider your own views, pick up his





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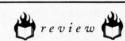


Snicket Warms Himself by a Pale Fire

The elusive children's author grows even more compelling in this cryptic self-exposure

LEMONY SNICKET: THE UNAUTHORIZED **AUTOBIOGRAPHY**

By Lemony Snicket New York: Harper Collins 2002





fter long debate by experts in the field of literature, the difference between La children's books and adult's books has been decided: publishers place some on "Children's" lists and others on "Adult's". Scholars of children's literature have still not managed to define children's literature as something apart from adult literature. Keeping this in mind, Lemony Snicket is one of those authors whose books are confined to the children's lists, yet whose audience consists of nearly as many adults (see I.K. Rowling, Phillip Pullman, et al). Snicket is the pseudonym of Daniel Handler, who wrote two 'adult' books before embarking on A Series of Unfortunate Events. The nine books published so far have steadily matched the Harry Potters on the children's best seller lists. However, in an Entertainment Weekly review by Karen Valby. she points out "According to the website [Amazon.com], customers who bought his books also picked up copies of Jonathan Franzen's "The Corrections" and Ian McEwan's "Atonement."(sic)"

A Series of Unfortunate Events, for those

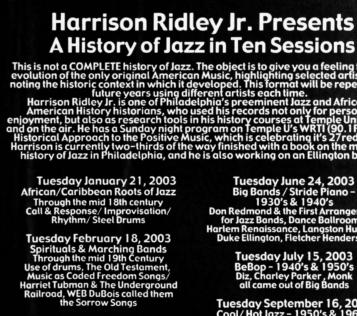
who have not had the pleasure of reading them, are a macabre and gleeful set of books detailing the lives of three siblings, Violet, Klaus, and Sunny Baudelaire. Their parents perish by fire in the first chapter of The Bad Beginning, and things soon take a turn for the worse. The resourceful children are pursued by the malevolent Count Olaf, an arch-villain who is ready to murder them for the fortune that they are to inherit when Violet turns eighteen. The series follows the siblings through several evil or downright inept guardians, eventually leaving them with no assistance but their own. They are forced to work in a lumber mill without pay, Violet is nearly lobotomized, and at every turn Olaf appears with an even more cunning plan and ridiculous disguise (lab assistant, gym teacher, receptionist). There are no happy endings, the most one can be grateful for is that the siblings are still alive at the end of the ninth book There will be thirteen, of course, in all. However, the books are playful and humorous, and even though the author would prefer you to read something else ("Wouldn't you rather read about ponies?"), they are a difficult habit

The Autobiography is a companion book to the series, a 211-page-long red herring, complete with index. Its dust jacket is reversible: Snicket warns "If the wrong people see you with this objectionable autobiography, the results could be disastrous." The side intended for use as a disguise is entitled "The Happiest Kids in the World! - Book 1! The Pony Party!" by Loney M. Setnick. The reverse is a brown paper wrapper. An air of secrecy and mystery (the word helpfully defined for readers as "arcane") prevails throughout the text. The resulting book is a file on the life of Snicket, incorporating such diverse elements as photographs (of people who have no connection to

Snicket or the Series), musical scores, letters, invitations, advertisements, newspaper articles, theater reviews, diary entries (beginning "Dear Dairy" to avoid identification) and more. What we are contending with is the autobiography of a fictional author, assembled with fake information derived from false sources. Snicket playfully pokes fun at literary theory. His mixed media autobiography turns classical lit crit questions (what is a text? is this meta-ficwhich text is real?) inward on themselves. He parodies the debate over the death of the author by having his own death reported by an unscrupulous newspaper, then producing a book that "proves" that he is still alive.

Snicket is constantly compared to Dahl, an ill-deserved comparison. Snicket's authorial power derives from his tone, he talks to children on their level, and his support is unqualified. Dahl, on the other hand, panders to children on the surface (cartoon violence and fart jokes) while simultaneously winking at adults over his readers' heads. Dahl's gruesomeness is directed at children to keep them in line – member the punishments suffered by disobedient children in Charlie and the Chocolate Factory? The Baudelaires' ghastly situations, while only slightly more realistic than Dahl's, are overcome by the children's ingenuity diverse talents, and their devotion to each other - and the children emerge with their dignity intact. However, fans of Dahl will find

plenty to appreciate. The book is filled with Snicketisms (or is that Snickerings?), and is a delightful companion to the Series. Anyone seeking further enlightenment on the Baudelaire mysteries, however, will be disappointed, as will anyone who seeks an uncomplicated, enjoyable 'kiddie book'. But for those who know something of Series, read Lemony Snicket's Autobiography. And don't forget to disguise it



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Blues & Gospel
Civil War to the turn of the Century, a West African instrument & the intro-duction of Strings, The Railroad & Migration to the North, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Founding of Liberia

Tuesday April 22, 2003 New Orleans Style The Cornet: a French instrument & the introduction of Brass, Joot Joints & The Devils Music-Louis Armstrong

Tuesday May 20, 2003
Ragtime/ Barrel House/
Boogie Woogie
1900 to 1920's, 1903, WEB DuBois &
the Soul of Black Folk, Stationary Bands
& the introduction of the Piano,
The First World War & Migration to the
North, Vaudeville & Minstrel Shows,
Marcus Garvey & the UNIA

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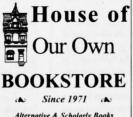
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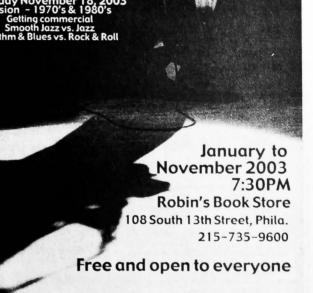
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THREE WEEKS

Introduction

BY JONATHAN SHAININ ~

e talk endlessly of the brilliant, the genius, the seminal. Perhaps too many critics, would-be discoverers of great talent, have cried wolf, such as to diminish immeasurably the credibility of anyone who runs toward you, waving a paper, photograph, film, book, in your face, screaming, "don't you see it!"

This was a newspaper published in Queens, New York, called *Three Weeks*. A quarto-sized pamphlet, on newsprint; folded, no staples. No ads, little to no art, save for some line drawings which adorned each front page. Published, as you might have ascertained, once each twenty-one days, it is now gone; the last issue appeared in the bookstores, coffee shops and bars of Brooklyn, Queens, and Manhattan one year and four days after the first. The quote which ran under the flag of the paper's last issue—think "all the news that's fit to print"—said simply and precisely, "Everything seems stupid when it fails."





"Those of you who are cynical, or astute, will instantly realize that what we are here doing has been done before, and it shall be done again, countless times; but it has not yet ever been done by us." So it began, the opening words of the first issue, dated October 15, 2001, which emerged into the twilight of a city wounded, newly proud, and more than a little confused. A fusillade of prose bombast, it announced its own high aims and a low esteem for today's writing and its consumers: "We shall, in short, establish a foundation of modern rational thought, by the light of which, we hope, a lazy generation will navigate out of the shoals of intellectual famine, and yet we shall do so with a healthy skepticism that says the majority of our readers will soon fall off."

The paper's content was remarkable in its diversity, typified by a generous and largehearted approach to the contemporary world, not afflicted by the narrow view most papers tend to hold regarding what does and does not meet the standards of "news," a category whose rigid but obscure boundaries are ill-suited to the richness and variety of experience. Three Weeks boasted lengthy lead essays on Iraq, Israel/Palestine, and the Patriot Act; on the history of Santa Claus, the origins of Turkeys, and the evolution of Labor; on Hope, on Sleep, on the Future, on Bees, and on Pigeons, Rats, and Cockroaches, approaching each with the same gravity, humor, and insight. The rest of each number was filled with an equally varied inventory of forms, incorporating local news, curious items of interest overlooked elsewhere, brief personal sketches of encounters and incidents, and impassioned polemics which addressed pacifism, John Ashcroft, brunch, tanning, and the like.

The opening broadside quoted above was authored by Henry William Brownejohns, the paper's founder, publisher, and editor. Curiously, it was followed by several competing accounts, in which his associates, Alexander Swartwout, Ephrain Underhill, and Eliza Anne Bonney, set forth their own impressions of the paper's appointed mission while disputing various facts and circumstances related to its founding. Nearly everything in the paper was the work of these four, who were listed upon its masthead and quarreled amiably within its pages.

Clearly we are in the presence of pseudonyms, and fanciful and improbable ones at that. Part of the paper's strange appeal is its cacophony of voices. The pseudonyms thicken the plot; the paper was a real publication, full of reports, essays, and opinions about real news and real events and at the same time, a kind of performance, occupied with self-definition, proclamation, and internal details of questionable veracity: the journal of opinion as a public art project, a work of imaginative literature in the form of a newspaper

the form of a newspaper
Brownejohns, who wrote to me that he wished *Three Weeks* to be "more democratic than democracy itself," presented in its pages a raucous model of such humanist ideals, despite the muddled identities of the participants: On more than a few occasions, the contentions of one article would be answered by the one following, with the editors chastising one another for excesses of passion or cavalier handling of the facts. The final issue, like the first one, was host to three separate clarifications upon the lead essay, with Swartwout accusing Brownejohns of "nervous fabrication," Underhill confessing he "cannot condone my associates' too-simple explanations," and so on. *Three Weeks* featured an endless series of

these declarations regarding its own operations: The first issue promised future reports from abroad, addressing "those ardent snobs who will not look at anything unless it possesses a whiff of the International about it." For months thereafter, the second page of the paper was home to a running bit regarding the absence of said reports. Each subsequent number carried increasingly imaginative disclaimers that the would-be correspondents were "busy," [issue two], that they "haven't got anything for us" and "are too distracted or depressed to report to us" [three], that they have been in touch, but that "we did not leave room for their reports" [four], that "our man in Sydney" was smoked out of his house by the brush fires" [five], that "postage continues to be rejected, embassy mailrooms continue to be looted, third-world mail-sorters continue to censor and destroy epistles, and exotic animals, including a whole catalog of small primates, continue to show their brutal disdain for the written word and for sheets of paper in general" [six].

This drought was finally broken in issue nine, with the publication of two postcards from Germany by Ms. Bonney, who described her perplex at the layout and disorganization of the Frankfurt airport, and little else, purporting to be a reassessment of the icy efficiency for which the Teutons are famous: "While I do not want to stay in Frankfurt too long, the madness underlying its cool façade has intrigued me enough to occupy a few hours. Do not presume to know the Germans from afar; there is something familiar beneath their surface." As Ms. Bonney's very existence seems in doubt, the fact of her journey to Europe is likewise dubious. But if it is often hard to tell what is made up in the paper, just as often it does not seem to matter: what Three Weeks deals in are not facts but truths.



Our lack of facility with language today poses several problems; it is in the first place an aesthetic disappointment, which dulls our apprehension of the world in general. But worse, it casts a reactionary pall over this apprehension; we are limited in our under-standing of current situations by the weak words we possess and employ to describe them. Obfuscation can take its familiar forminsanely complicated, jargon-laden sentences, recognizable from the prose of contemporary academia-but it can also assume the guise of banality; of endless sentences, paragraphs, and entire publications filled with dull words that in the end tell us nothing about what they purport to describe. A brief look at Three Weeks displays a crackling delight with words and a sharp skill at their use, and the writing, which at first glance seems antique, forced, or laden with pretense, soon begins to sparkle with precision, leaving the oceans of surrounding verbiage to appear gray and lifeless by compari-

son.

The back page of each *Three Weeks* was given over to an essay on the weather, despite the editors' admonition that "every tutor of lit-

erature from Mr. Twain to Mr. White has given his students the sound advice to avoid writing about the weather, as it is an idle waste of one's linguistic energies." Idle it may be, but this little diversion elevated to its purest form a principle which obtained for all of Three Weeks, observing and meticulously describing the great and the good in the everyday, and it gave rise to some of the most brilliant work that appeared in the paper. The essay addressed to Lightning here reproduced is by any measure a small masterpiece of economy, ingenuity, sensitivity, humor, and depth, whose words are too fine to be sullied by my describing them much further. What we witness is the character of the writer himself in the words, a keenness of perception in concert with an openness to the world, an engagement with it, and a profound empathy of the highest order: "It had nearly been us in that grand circuit, anyhow."



Perhaps what *Three Weeks* promised was an engagement with the world, but on terms entirely its own; a refusal to countenance the division and elevation of "news" from our real lives, and an insistence at demonstrating this equivalence by treating the two as equals.

equivalence by treating the two as equals.

The performance and the news seem to come together in a kind of demonstration, by the newspaper as a whole, of an entirely new form of engagement, incorporating a critical involvement with grand affairs and a highly perceptive and active attention to local and personal matters. What in the end strikes one as the best of *Three Weeks* is a kind of intellectual honesty, insofar as we can measure it in openness and a willingness to see things and be convinced or unconvinced in time. The opinions of the paper, though they are strongly held, never calcify into demagoguery.



The tradition of that lone social critic is an old and venerable one, and Three Weeks calls to mind the work of Samuel Johnson, who published his own essays as The Rambler, The Idler, and then as The Adventurer, twice-weekly sheets each with a circulation around 500, delivering edification and moral lessons under various assumed personae; Karl Kraus, the caustic wit of prewar Vienna, whose aphoristic barbs filled The Torch, appearing in the words of Walter Benjamin as that "messenger who rushes toward us crying aloud, his hair on end, brandishing a sheet of paper in his hands, a sheet full of war and pestilence, of cries of murder and pain, of danger from fire and flood, spreading everywhere the 'latest news'"; and of Dwight Macdonald, whose scabrous and principled political criticism filled the pages of *Politics*, circulation 5,000, with Macdonald himself serving as "editor, publisher, owner, proofreader, layout man, and chief contributor." The editors testify that their own particular hero is Washington Irving, whose bi-weekly satire sheet Salmagundi targeted "the upper-

crust and their pretensions" in old New York.

A technology for the distribution of literature, thought, and ideas better than paper has not yet been invented, and I suggest it never will be. Each thousand-issue run of Three Weeks cost a paltry \$350, a small fee for the grant of presence in the world of objects. I discovered Three Weeks sitting on a ledge in a bar where I often took brunch; a friend happened on it when he stepped on an issue crossing the street; and many of my acquaintances came to admire it after seeing the copies strewn about my desk or coffee-table. As Brownejohns writes: "The freedom of press so exhaustively praised in our classrooms is viewed by most citizens as a remote utility, a thing only ever realized by magnates with presses. I hoped to remind a small portion of disenfranchisees that our troubled country retains its most valuable liberty still, and even the marginally unemployed, if compelled, can spare enough of a sum to put his opinions in print and to posterity."

...,



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THREE WEEKS

New projudices will serve as well as old ones to harness the great unthinking masses.

NEW YORK, AMERICA

JANUARY 12, 2002

ON HOPE

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 5



WHETHER IT IS WORTH HAVING ANY

A Diversionary Ramble Around an Elusive Abstract Concept

And an Outline of our Preference for Despair, Mixed with a Willingness to be Pleasantly Surprised

by Henry William Brownejohns

IN CONSIDERING THE LOW expectations of our depressed and daylight-depleted midwinter readership, it seemed like a safe and appropriate time to launch into a speculation upon a broad subject with little factual content, and scant grounds for argument in any direction. The editors, in committee, dismissed Aesthetics, Solitude, Obesity, Justice, and Charity in turn as potential subjects for this essay, opting instead for the fairy concept named in the title. Anger, Love, Nutrition, and Flammability were also declined, but they were only put aside for later issues. Taking into account our own moods, our fast-approaching deadline, and especially the prospective inclination of this time of year, rife with its utopian resolutions and unreasonably renewed optimism, it was unanimously agreed that I should here hold forth on the ageless specter of Hope - its worth, its purpose, and its imprint upon the objective universe, governed as that is by the cold, detached laws of Nature.

It is moreso apt to rassle with Hope this particular January because it seems there should rightly be so little of it. The world is in a state of hazard unseen since at least 1939, with Argentina in collapse, Peru in flames, India and Pakistan poised for a nuclear border war, and Central Asia and the Middle East not much more than a row of dominoes in a stiff breeze, attended by belligerent tyrants with viable complaints. Israel is engaged in an escalating war within its own borders with no diplomatic activity to speak of, so that concerning the past twenty years of negotiation, to say that the situation was back at Square One would be to overstate the case. Africa in general remains such a social and political

continued, page

THREE WEEKS

JULY 6 - JULY 26, 2002

THREE WEEKS
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ELIZA ANNE BONNEY

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or, if necessary, threeweeks@email.com

NOTICES

A GIANT, FELLED

The news came out just too late to make it into the last number, and we frankly think that it happened that way on purpose. The great telephone company, Verizon, simply did not want to give this humble pamphlet the opportunity to gloat over our victory - at least not until a few weeks had passed, and the public had possibly forgotten the whole affair.

The fact is, old or new, that subsequent to this paper's publication in issue 11 of Mr. Tyree's "Open Letter to Verizon," which concerned the conglomerate's dastardly plan to increase paytelephone rates, the phone company relented, and with its thorned tail between its legs, went about the city and reset fourteen thousand telephones to accept a quarter, and not two. There can not be a glimmer of doubt what caused Verizon's about-face; it was the potency of Mr. Tyree's rhetoric, set against the backdrop of this publication's well-known ferocity and persistence.

We give full credit to Mr. Tyree, our Astorian correspondent. Now and then he files a report, and when the thing seems to have some teeth, we print it for the public. His letter to Verizon required hardly any consideration from these offices - our man was clearly incensed, and had the sound to him like a cornered varmint,

so we let him be and ran the missive. Not a few days later, and the telephone giant puts out a whisper of a press release. Without a squeal of resistance from the diabolical Verizon, New Yorkers have been spared their precious quarters.

Mr. Tyree had raised the point that we aren't the sort of cosmopolis that requires the unlimited telephone call Verizon was offering us for our extra two bits. It so happens that the conglomerate's only acknowledgment of THREE WEEKS' contribution to their decision was the reiteration of this good point in their surrender. It was a sly nod to our righteousness, and yet one we aren't about to do the company the favor of not mentioning. Everything about this success merits mention, and when the reader is dialing his mother with his last quarter, desperate for her sweet unconditional consolations, let him whisper a thanks in this periodical's direction, too.

We have been tagged by the Justice Department, chastised by the Rightists, and given the cruel silent treatment by the Leftists, for all our efforts at bringing Reason back into the American dialogue. Well, now we have scored a first victory, and we expect the credit due us, exactly because winning these things has turned out to be much harder than we envisioned at the outset, and we aren't sure when the next one will come along.

But let the budding optimist among the readership take home the appropriate lesson. Mr. Tyree is but a crank in the heights of Queens County, and we are four more like him - but the lot of us recognized a wrong, and focused the full force of our only armament, Sense, against it. Lo and behold, this time around, it was adequate. Let it be heard by the militiamen on the Continental Divide, who think they can only have a say from their sniper positions atop their bulletproof log cabins. And let it be heard by the disaffected young urbanite, so that he might stop slouching and quitting everything difficult, and see that what we have done here is not so different from what any devoted-enough windbag could do, given equally lofty talent.

That said, THREE WEEKS goes on about our business, and Mr. Tyree reports again, though with likely less effect, as the reader will shortly understand. There is nothing to be done but to persist; and let it also be known that even a great victory tastes a little bittersweet afterward.

PAGE



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CAT - EARS

WOWDOWN WOOD

THREE WEEKS

the glory, jest, and riddle of the world ...

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 1

NEW YORK, AMERICA

OCTOBER 15, 2001



AN INTRODUCTION

To the literate citizenry, outlaw and legitimate, of our city of New York, and America,

> From the desk of Henry William Brownejohns, gent.

> > October 15, 2001

THOSE OF YOU who are cynical, or astute, will instantly realize that what we are here doing has been done before, and it shall be done again, countless times; but it has not yet ever been done by us. And so it is with a nod to either destiny or inevitability that we print these inaugural lines of the chronicle THREE WEEKS.

It is the style of the times to roll one's eyes and denounce anything that even smacks of novelty or ambition, and no doubt you, intrepid reader, have already dismissed us on account of this - only hold on until we have explained ourselves. You will soon be satisfied to see that we hold you in equal disdain, and that we expect nothing from you at all except a small portion of your money, and the occasional letter of complaint. Considering this,

THE CONDITION OF THE WORLD

A GLOSS UPON THE CIRCUMSTANCES CONCURRENT TO THE PUBLICATION OF THIS FIRST ISSUE OF THREE WEEKS

IN THE FIRST MOMENTS of our lives, we are each subject to the influence of an array of circumstances; for example, the alignment of heavenly bodies on the date of our emergence determines our astrological sign, and therefore the impression we are bound to make upon some certain devotees of the zodiac. But we are also somehow defined, more tangibly, by other circumstances: the geographical location of our birth, the season in which we enter the world, the overall mood and demeanor of our deliverers, and even the social and political climate of the world we are becoming citizens of. The newspaper THREE WEEKS is no different from any newborn in this sense, except that as infants go, it is the most articulate one to ever issue into the harsh light of this mortal coil. And as such, we, the editors, feel it is worth surveying the unusual state of affairs present upon our arrival.

Just over one month ago our own city was maliciously and devastatingly attacked for the first time in its American history. Our enemy is famously anonymous, but he is the enemy of a lot of people who have never had one before, nevertheless.

It is impossible to relate to citizens of the future the magnitude this event holds for us, as a profound change in the way we see ourselves here, and the

THREE WEEKS

AUGUST 17 - SEPTEMBER 6, 2002

METEOROLOGY

THE WEATHER

LIGHTNING

THE FELLOW WHO WAS struck by lightning during this terrific thunderstorm just past has become the butt of eight million snide murmured disapprovals, as if Nature had concocted the storm for the sole purpose of weeding out the most foolish individual in the Great City. Of course Nature is not so particular - she fired approximately six thousand bolts of lightning at New York City that harrowing night - and the matter of Nathan Maddox's death atop a Soho rooftop is nothing but shabby luck and nearly farcical coincidence.

Rather than join the soft chorus of clicking tongues, however, THREE WEEKS wishes to express our solidarity with the deceased. It is a fact that this author, when the electrical show was at its height, had the same idea as Mr. Maddox, to ascend to a rooftop to better view the spectacle. That I was dissuaded by more practical, if less enthusiastic, advisers, is as much a disappointment as a swift dodge of mortality. For I believe there are few deaths as admirable as Mr. Maddox's. When this reporter goes, let it only be as willingly as at the mercy of a mighty bolt of lightning, shot forth from the pitchest clouds of the hottest summer, amidst the most saturating sheets of rain - and of all places, on a silhouetted roof of this fair town.

There is more than a little metaphysics to be gleaned from Mr. Maddox's tragedy. His reasoning was as sound as anybody's who was trained by the tale-spinners of the public school system: so long as he was not at the highest point, the lightning shouldn't bother him, no? Of course the public schools aren't overstocked with the well-informed, and the now-common knowledge that lightning's path is random to its last instant, is hardly anything being taught to the vulnerable, trusting, highly conductive youth. Mr. Maddox was just such a fellow. He figured being surrounded by taller buildings, and even taller water-towers and other structures on his own roof, was security enough; but the bolt went to his head, probably before he even knew what

was happening. One likes to believe that he was enjoying himself right to the very instant of impact - drenched in rain, relieved from unbearable heat, cozy beneath the peaks of the city's better spires. If death came immediately, and with two million volts why shouldn't it have, then Mr. Maddox has our envy, though his friends and family surely also have our sympathy. But if we can only convey to them our admiration for the style with which their associate departed this Earth, then they might understand the informality of our eulogy.

Death, to date, remains an inevitability for

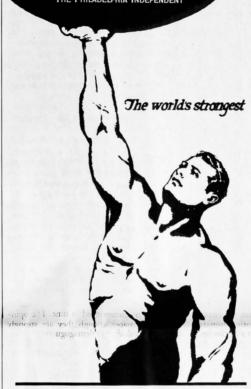
all of us, and so some consideration should be given to the manner of its achievement. Bolts of lightning, assassin's bullets, skydiving heartattacks, fatal descents into a black hole; certain tactics are surely worth more to posterity than others, and it doesn't seem at all crude to fawn over an impressive death. It is romance, to crave the rooftop in a thunderstorm as magnificent as the one we've just survived. Mr. Maddox and your author both felt the impulse, and I am certain millions more did too, though they wil never admit it. Some of us had more sensible company, and so we are alive to discuss it. But we have also lost the marvel of that downpour, of those columns of electricity, firing one after another across the blackened skyline. Death for such transcendent pleasure may not be such an uneven exchange as the reader feels. I certainly do not believe Mr. Maddox has any regrets. The rest of us have been plunged back into the infernal August heat, desperate for the release, by cold front and by mortality, that our cherished citizen Mr. Nathan Maddox has been granted by the impossible peregrinations of an immense electrical current, born in the clouds, bound for the earth. This paper's opinion on oblivion is well-known by now; but oblivion is not so awesome that a truly tactful arrival there is not going to attract our praise. It had nearly been us in that grand circuit, anyhow

J. EPH. UNDERHILL

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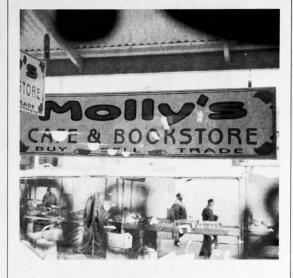
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PAGE 16



BECAUSE "THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR PARTY BANDS."

Mo Mo Mo Mo Mo

CRACKING THE CODE

On Drugs, Language, and Popular Music

BY NATHANIEL FRIEDMAN

began last summer as the song with no beat; by the time its days of heavy rotation were up, it had become the song with no words

Clipse's "Grindin" muscled its way onto radio thanks to mint-making producers The Neptunes, whose presence virtually guarantees exposure, if not instant sales. But for the first single released by their unfortunately named Star Trak imprint, hip-hop's most visible producers made a statement by not making one. The grimly mechanized beat, which consisted of nothing more than a bellowing drum loop and a sprinkling of chirps and blips, took their nervous, stripped-down style one step further: the minimalist's sense of possibility leaned towards negation, suggesting collapse where there had once been a jittery question of what to build. This conceptual twist-and perhaps its multiple ironies—fuelled an early buzz surrounding "Grindin'."

Even as its conscriptively catchy hook made "Grindin" into an unlikely summer anthem, its vocals remained aloof, even elusive. Unknown Virginia emcees Malice and Pusha T rhymed in a Jadakiss-by-way-of-Mobb-Deep deadpan, a blunt style better suited to establishing atmosphere than turning a phrase. It was possible to ignore them altogether, that is, until they too began to disappear. As with any street-themed hip-hop single, the version of "Grindin" that first made it onto radio and television was already riddled with blank pauses, signifying the mention of guns, drugs, or murder. But as the summer wore on, the number of omissions increased, varying from outlet to outlet. It was as if the edit itself were a work in progress, and one of high priority. The issue wasn't any one line—it was the song as a whole.

For mainstream listeners, unedited hip-hop is both more disturbing than its defanged cousin and remarkably underwhelming. The torrent of taboo language and subject matter becomes numbing; the unease comes not in an awareness of the forbidden, but in its consistency. Whenever a line of "Grindin" disappeared, it became an object of interest, making one reconsider both other lyrics and "grindin" itself. To most of those encountering it unwittingly, "Grindin" had meant nothing in particular, an all-encompassing mix of intimidation, leisure and crime. Once these abrupt edits goaded one into really listening, however, it became clear that nearly half of "Grindin" was devoted to oddly baroque ways of saying "I sell cocaine."

Whether the initial edit had been a case of the FCC's naivete or the label's exploitation of it was a moot question. This cat-and-mouse game offered listeners the titillating chance to side with outlaw rappers as they outwitted a dumbfounded FCC. One imagined a special task force spending several sweaty, uncomfortable months poring over "Grindin" in a dim room, trying to decipher its hidden meanings and occasionally, probably shamefully, retract-ing their decisions. By the end of its pop shelf-life, "Grindin" was a wreck of negative space, even ghastlier and more imposing than its earlier, comparatively playful incarnation as "the song with no beat.

Compared to rock's lifelong commitment to the canon of abusable substances, hip-hop's discussion of drugs often seems like an after-

worite WKDU DJs, Steve.

of rock and roll into mainstream popular cul-

ture. Unfortunately most people have only

heard the bands of the British Invasion who

controlled the American airwaves throughout

the sixties. Well, beneath the shiny pop of the

Beatles and hidden somewhere under the

Rolling Stones' platinum records, is an entire explosion of unheard rock and roll. From

American garage to English freakbeat to French ye ye to the beat music of Europe and

Latin America, there are hundreds of groups

that have been overlooked. Without these

bands there would be no rock, punk, garage,

wave, or the Stooges, and a world without the Stooges is a world not worth living in.

* * *

MONKS, Black Monk Time

POLYDOR RECORDS, 1966

group. The Monks were a cacophony of rock and roll noise that make other groups of the

day sound like boys' choirs.

The Monks were not your typical beat

Lead vocalist/guitarist Gary Burger

screams, screeches, and howls about war,

THE EARLY SIXTIES marked the entrance

thought. Whether in the form of overripe metaphor (bad poetry) or pulpish chronicle (no-frills fiction), rock has always attempted to describe drug-related experience in involved, if not necessarily compelling, ways. Yet hip-hop, a genre reflexively praised for its way with language, opts for a combination of fairly consistent slang and dry literalism. Battling and belittling others are the domain of wonderment, but drugs-never transfigurative when used and only convenient capitalism when sold—are hard, cold facts, the mortar of a lifestyle constructed in music. Rock, by contrast, can fill an entire magazine (see the December issue of MOJO) with distinctly drug-related songs, many fine-tuned enough to evoke altered states sonically as well (or instead of) lyrically (see My Bloody Valentine)

Saying that an emcee like Redman doesn't write "clever" lines about pot misses the point that, in a highly performative and obviously

Stones' "Sister Morphine," songs for whom "inspiration" takes on a more complicated form. Like hip-hop's drug talk, narcoticsderived songs tend to be more about drugrelated experiences than the drug experience itself; they posit a narrator, affected by use, in world of motivations and consequences. Still, just as seeing the world in terms of getting high is different from viewing the world as if one were high, finding one's self in the world is not the same thing as losing one's self in it. While hip-hop's nonchalant drug talk is decidedly impersonal, one would be hardpressed to call "Heroin," or even the play-by-play cop of the Velvets' "Waiting for the Man," more concerned with facts than feelings. Like the mid-trip ravishment of a wide eved psychedelic explorer, both point back to the individual and his drugs, exploring, rather than simply acknowledging, their role in one's

Using and selling are hardly the same

REMIX

VERSE 2 • Pusha T

"I'm great in the kitchen like Morning cookware

Uncle Jamima, with my braids wrapped

VERSE 4 • Lil Wayne

7/7, 1.000

"Check the rims on my car

naw, don't check 'em, no,

cause they stuffed with blow

"You need a hit like Mark McGwire.

come holla
I watch the base at home,
I'm umpire"

VERSE 5 • Malice

12/14, .750 "Patty cake, that's me, bake the pies,

OVERALL: 29/35, .829

Pyrex, mixed that, scrape the s

in 3-minute recipes for cookin' flap iack.

strong honor roll bursting with wild-eyed accounts of the psychedelic experience, creaky plays on the word "high," and its fair share of junkie anthems, a scant six of the entries on MOJO's list clearly address cocaine—a fact having as much to do with the drug itself as pop's appetite for it. Devotees of hallucinogens see them as the portal to a new world of experience, or at least a new experience of the familiar world around them. When dealing with something dramatically new, metaphor, the bridge between the familiar and the new, is the source of vocabulary. Such descriptions invite participation, while at the same time allowing those who "know" to furnish their own interpretation of the vagary of metaphor. Through this process, community, the ultimate test of a drug's "meaning" anything, is at the same time created and reinforced.

At first glance, junkie slang would appear to be the opposite: concrete code in the service of insularity, satisfying a need for secrecy and delimiting a single-minded view of the world. But it too rests on a trust that when one speaks code, he reflects on shared experience. And while there is very little "new" about the narcotic high, the actions surrounding it assign values to the outside world in a manner similar to the effects of hallucinogens Since use itself doesn't initiate one into the junkie brotherhood, its community-defining slang is earned as one becomes more and more involved in "the life," emphasizing not the strangeness of the experiences, but the individual's ability to internalize them.

Cocaine, on the other hand, offers nothing to understand and no pay-off for gaining understanding. Its effects hardly warrant discussion, and while dope has historically created its own cult of hipness, there's nothing romantic about doing coke in a socio-cultural vacuum, Cocaine, always bound up in other situations or activities, is at a loss if suddenly asked to explain itself as a self-sustaining way of life. Without this primacy, its language rarely makes the leap beyond simple corre spondence. One could argue that crack's antisocial bent makes it better suited to the task, but its demand for constant upkeep leaves little time for the reflection-however incidental-that leads to the junkie's identity.

When Lord Willin', Clipse's eagerly-awaited debut (it went on to be certified gold) dropped in August, the profusion of witty coke talk was no longer a revelation. This was not an album about coke; it was a hardcore hip-hop album that on some level valued verbal inventiveness, with a cast of ex-hustlers who couldn't think of anything to talk about but dealing. Isolated from both New York's battle-happy culture of disposable conceits and the gut-level expositions of the South and the West Coast, Clipse fell somewhere between the two. Their aim was neither cleverness nor the sweeping stage of realness; focusing on the familiar object of cocaine allowed them to rifle through conceits without lapsing into abstraction or utter collage. Yet for a few perplexing weeks, it appeared as if, as both an ode to dealing and an intricate obsession with the drug itself, "Grindin" was determined enough to change hip-hop's least urgent subject and society's most prosaic drug

GRINDIN' BATTING AVERAGES

Averages refer to number of lines per verse which reference the use or sale of cocaine Selected lines are given as examples.

ORIGINAL

VERSE 1 • Pusha T .375 (6/16)

"Call me subwoofer, 'cause I pump base like that Jack" "Legend in two games like I'm Pee Wee Kirkland" "Platinum on the block with consistent hits'

VERSE 2 • Malice

"Patty cake, patty cake, I'm the baker's man I bake them cakes as fast as I can

Verse 3 • Pusha T .500 (4/8)

"From days I wasn't able, there was always caine"

VERSE 4 • Malice .500 (4/8)

"I move caine like a cripple Balance weight through the hood, kids call me Mr. Sniffles"

OVERALL: 22/48, .458

personality-driven genre, it's the artist that makes phrases interesting, not vice-versa. But while rock constantly internalizes drugs, viewing them either with eager preoccupation or fresh regret, in hip-hop they are external, inevitable and maybe even a little dull. With a few notable exceptions, these references simply serve to set an everyhood context for onmic personas. Clipse, in creating a wrinkle of poetic disguise at odds with the indication of context, recalled the Beatles' deliriously enthusiastic "Tomorrow Never Knows" more than Notorious B.I.G.'s brusque "Ten Crack

Commandments." "Grindin" certainly doesn't count as "inspired" by cocaine in the same way that "Tomorrow Never Knows" is acid-inspired. Its gritty, hard-boiled stance puts it more in line

tinctive part of the Monks' sound lie in the

powers of organist Larry Clarke and banjo

player Dave Day. Clarkeis haphazard organ

playing could insight riots and Day's home-made electric banjo sounds like a leg bone

being sawed in half. All this and more from a

band based in Frankfurt, Germany formed in

1964 by five American GI's.

thing. Users are interested in drugs; a serious dealer would sell anything if the returns were as astronomically high. Clipse's lyrics never express any interest in using cocaine. But their language, with its emphasis on metaphor and word-play, shows a degree of fascination with the product that, if present only because of the money it makes, is nevertheless a celebration. Rarely illustrative and barely descriptive, "Grindin" refracts dealing in much the same way that rock does use. One doesn't look for obscurity when it comes to drugs in hip-hop because rappers rarely seem engaged by them; "Grindin" took some by surprise, however unconsciously, in treating drugs as a sieve for

Yet "Grindin" is not only startling as a hip-hop drug song. It also happens to be, surprisingly, one of the only pieces of music to

with ambivalent dope ballads like the Velvet Underground's "Heroin" or the Rolling ever effectively riff on cocaine. In a hundred-death and hate while his quitar riffs are led by LOS MOCKERS Original Records 1965-67 GET HIP (reissue) feedback. Bassist Eddie Shaw and drummer Roger Johnston signal the apocalypse with their stomping beats. However, the most dis-

> * * * THE SONICES, Boom ETIQUETTE RECORDS, 1966

The Sonics' sophomore record Boom is just one example of the most extreme garage, rock and roll of the sixties. Formed in the early sixties by brothers Larry and Andy Parypa in Tacoma, Washington, the Sonics quickly blew up the entire Northwest with their fiery rock. They smacked, popped, and shook harder than any of their predecessors, including local favorites the Kingsmen and the Wailers. Lead vocalist Gerry Roslie features the best rock and roll scream of all time, comparable to that of Little Richard's but with more cynicism to it. The Sonics were the boys that didnit get the girls, and the angry young men with too much energy to sit around and listen to the Beatles.

Does anyone know where Montevideo Uruguay is? Well that was the hometown of one of the catchiest beat groups of the sixties, Los Mockers, and not a great place to grow up if you had long hair and listened to rock and roll. In Montevideo, Los Mockers had more than just getting beat up to be worried about; they could be arrested for it.

Despite these oppositions, Los Mockers created a mix of beat, rock and roll, and traditional Spanish music that was and still is too infectious to ignore. Just imagine the early Rolling Stones but with Mick Jagger having a Spanish accent and you're getting close to Los Mockersí sound. Their coming of age disarray is lead by Jagger-impersonator, Polo Pereira, while their music is lined with creeping keyboards and acoustic guitars painting the background and leaving an impression that the atom bomb couldn't recreate.

> - STEVE VENA Mondays, 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. 91.7 FM, WKDU

For More Music Reviews turn to LINER NOTES, page 14

Classical Roundup

A Year of Pulling Strings and Tooting Horns in the Classical Scene

BY BERNARD JACOBSON

ride of place, in reviewing the city's recent "classical" music scene, must go to the Festival of Philadelphia Composers, which the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society has been presenting in the Independence Seaport Museum at Penn's Landing. American audiences have traditionally tended to undervalue their country's creative contribution to the art, preserving a somewhat snobbish conviction that European is necessarily best. I write only two-thirds of the way through the festival, but it is already clear that, for the local public at least, these six brilliantly conceived concerts could serve as a drastic corrective to that skewed perception.

It's true that the best music at the festival's opening concert was by a European-born com-Stefan Wolpe-"Philadelphia Composers" has been understood inclusively by the Society's planners, Anthony Checchia and

turn to Classical, page 14

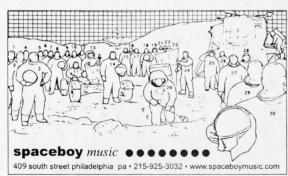




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BEST OF 2002

I saw 380 movies in 2002 below are my ten favorites:

1. 'R-XMAS

Abel Ferrara's strongest work since Bad Lieutenant is a dreamy Christmastime Valentine to pre-Guiliani, pre-9-11 New York featuring Drea de Matteo as a heroin dealer's wife who in the frantic 48 hours before "Xmas" must ransom husband away from kidnapers and find the perfect gift for their young daughter. With shimmering cinematography from Ken Kelsch, a cogent screenplay, and virtually no on-screen violence this picture show remarkable growth from Ferrara who has a reputation for being as inconsistent as he is talented. 'R-Xmas is now available on video from Pathfinder Pictures.

2. CET AMOUR-LA

Josee Dayan's captivating bio-pic is a sensuous, languid and yet very accessible adaptation of Marguerite Duras' memoir-novel Yann Andrea Steiner featuring Jeanne Moreau as the author and Aymeric Demarigny as her young homo-sexual lover Yann. Cet Amour-La will be released theatrically April 2, 2003 from New Yorker Films.

3. FRAILTY

Actor Bill Paxton's debut as a director is a controlled and chilling childhood gothic reminis-cent of such classic psychological horror yarns as The Night of the Hunter (1955) and The Curse of the Cat People (1944) but with an ambiguity all its own. Frailty is a superbly crafted bed-time story with a fun twist ending sure to linger in your mind well after the end credits roll. Frailty is now available on video from Lion's Gate Home Entertainment.

4. WHITE OLEANDER

Todd Haynes' Far From Heaven has been receiving rave reviews, and is admittedly an noteworthy piece of cinema, but for a real "woman's picture" I'll take Peter Kosminsky's White Oleander any day. Made as Oscar-bait, yet ignored during its early fall release, this film features gifted newcomer Alison Lohman as young girl forced to fend for herself when her mother (played by Michelle Pfeiffer) is imprisoned for the murder of an ex-lover. Bouncing from foster home to foster home she observes a cavalcade of different women (suburb supporting work from Renee Zellweger, Robin Wright Penn and especially Svetlana Efremova) to finally find herself, or something like it, on the road with fellow ne'er-do-well orphan Patrick Fugit. This film, not Far From Heaven, is Douglas Sirk's true cinematic legacy. White Oleander will be released on video from Warner Home Video on March 11, 2003.

5. FEMME FATALE

Indulgent, leering, misogynistic, masturbatory, slick, sarcastic and marvelously alive, Brian De Palma's first movie post-Mission To Mars is a return to the type of erotic thrillers that gave him his bad boy reputation in the first place and is the most stylish, not to mentioned stylized, film of the year - a true pleasure with unparallelled sequences of pure filmmaking and a total disregard for audience expectation.

Femme Fatale will be released on video from Warner Home Video on March 25, 2003.

6. SUPER TROOPERS

The American Hi-Jinks comedy, a genre not properly represented on the big screen since heyday of the Porky's and Police Academy pictures, has a triumphant return with Super Troopers a zany romp from the Broken Lizard

comfortable with being cast as Bond

villains, members of the North Korean

government have protested the release

of Die Another Day. They found the film offen-

sive, perhaps because of its portrayal of North

Koreans as baddies into weapons of mass

destruction, world domination, diamond-stud-

ded facial accessories, the operation of cool hovercraft across the minefields of the DMZ,

hot cars, and crazy-kinky torture sessions

What's amusing about their objection - apart from the vision it provokes of North Korean

government officials sitting around watching James Bond, which is pretty funny to begin

with - is that the only solution to the perenni-

al problem of the Bond films would be dracon-

ian government censorship, repression, torture,

What are we fighting the Axis of Evil for if

THE YEAR

My Votes for the Best and Worst Movies of 2002

ANDREW REPASKY MCELHINNEY

Comedy troop headed by co-writer/director Jay Chandraselhar. The movie features such inspired gags as a trooper who pulls over cars just to see how many times he can slip the word "meow" into road side conversation: "Meow sir, meow see your license?" Super is now available on video from Twentieth Century Fox.

7. THE PIANO TEACHER

Most likely the greatest film on my list of 2002 favorites is Michael Haneke's *The Piano* Teacher, an exhausting and wrenching study of masochism, from the novel by Elfriede Jelinek, featuring a heart-breaking performance from Isabelle Huppert (be sure to compare her work here to her radically different turn in Francois Ozon's delightful 8 Women). The Piano Teacher is now available on video from Kino

8. BARBERSHOP

Ice Cube is one of our greatest (and most underrated) movie stars who here leads a Saroyan-esque ensemble comedy/drama (which he also co-wrote) featuring lovable eccentrics who live their lives around the venue of the title. An African-American Our Town and the year's warmest film. Barbershop is now available on video from MGM/UA.

I watch the base at home, 9 CRAP

Len Cella's *Crap* is a perversely unrelenting motion picture, which like its predecessor Moron Movies (1986), consists of a series of blackout gags, most of which are scatological in nature, and whose collected narrative thrust eventually presents a testament to the mind of the feature's brilliant, and possibly highly disturbed director (who lives in nearby Broomall and single handedly wrote, edited, performed all the roles, and created the outlandish, inventive makeup, sets and costumes). Continually laugh-out-loud funny, and as rigorous as a Michael Haneke movie, Crap is a totally insane abstract of a modern day America on the verge of implosion, or perhaps just cutting the cheese. Crap has yet to find a distributor and is not commercially available in the United

10. SHRAPNEL IN PEACE

review

THE NEW BOND FILM

A CURIOUS SORT OF GEOPOLITICAL PRISM, ISN'T IT?

BY J. M. TYREE

Shrapnel in Peace, seen locally as part of the 2002 Philadelphia Festival of World Cinema (where it won Best First Feature), is an evocative allegory following scrap collectors who make their living in a world where civilization has been blasted away. Timeless, but set after the Gulf War, this transcendental Iranian drama contains haunting poetry and breathtaking visuals on par with George Washington (2000) or Days of Heaven (1978). Shrapnel in Peace has yet to find a distributor and is not commercially available in the United States.

make no law abridging our freedom to see Pierce

Brosnan surfing into North Korea, surfing an arc

tic tsunami, and surfing Halle Berry's ice cave. It

boggles the mind to consider how many North

Koreans might be fed from the ticket sales of a

single weekend of Die Another Day, but it is the

beauty and the horror of our system that

nobody can compel us to do anything, includ-

lainry, WMDs, prone women, and polyamory

are the very raison d'être of the Bond aesthetic

It's no accident that important chunks of Die

Another Day supposedly take place in North Korea and Cuba, the two countries- where

Americans are absolutely forbidden to visit.

Part of the thrill is location porn, the giddy

voyeurism of simply seeing these places, or at least having the illusion of seeing them. Now I

know: the people of Cuba really, really love to

dance. In fact, it's hard to find a street corner in

Havana where people aren't dancing right

Exotic locales, in addition to deformed vil-

ing anything that makes sense.

WORST OF 2002

And of course there are the turkeys of 2002 which I hope I never have to sit through again:

1. THE 13TH CHILD: THE LEGEND OF THE JERSEY DEVIL VOL. 1

This is the type of bad horror movie that gives good-bad horror movies a bad name. Ineptly made (locally), shot in goopy PAL video, and featuring a woebegone Cliff Robertson as the Devil this film is a joyless waste of time. Lord, I hope they don't make Vol. 2!

2. SOLARIS

Mind numbing, irritating and solemn Cliff's Notes adaptation of Andrei Tarkovsky's 1972 sci-fi reverie which takes nothing but calculat-

3. FULL FRONTAL

2002 was not Steven Soderbergh's year -- after the mainstream press canonized him in the wake of Erin Brockovich, Traffic and Ocean's Eleven Soderbergh trotted out the derivative and empty Solaris after he tossed off this starstudded home-movie satire about the evils of Hollywood, the hand that feeds him. Quite the one-two punch.

4. THE BOURNE IDENTITY

Frantic and muddled, Doug Liman's The Bourne Identity is a spy thriller without thrills and tedious running time. Billed as a "thinking man's action movie" this film lack the visceral thrills of the genre and its pious pseudo-Eurotrendyness only adds to the assault on the viewer's patience.

Beautifully crafted and wonderfully lenses by Edward Lachman, Simone features Al Pacino as a director who creates a "virtual actress" and thus opens Pandora's Box for a two hour plus "satirical" examination of Hollywood vapidity. Regrettably, the result is as fatuous as the type of filmmaking writer/director Andrew Niccol supposedly abhors.

6. HOLLYWOOD ENDING

Woody Allen sadly declares artistic bankruptcy with *Hollywood Ending*, a terminally unfunny farce about a film director who suffers from hysterical blindness. I hope Allen goes back to making serious films like Interiors (1978) or Husbands and Wives (1993) because he's run out of jokes.

Bogus and boring, extremely insulting to the fetish community, Steven Shainberg's unfunny comedy of masochism is as dishonest as The Piano Teacher is searing and gripping.

8. LOVELY AND AMAZING

Uninvolving comedy-drama by Sundance-fave Nicole Holofcener about three whiny sisters and their dysfunctional mother is grating, unobservant and banal.

9. Red Dragon

Despite a promising first reel, Bret Ratner's Hannibal Lecter movie turns into a plodding policer that doesn't have the courage of Anthony Hopkins' hammy convictions.

10. ONE HOUR PHOTO

there in the background.

Smarmy and self-satisfied, stylized without a real psychological context, Mark Romanek's story of a damaged photo shop employee insults the viewer's intelligence and presents a potentially fascinating situation only to rationalize away any of the inherent discomfort that makes the story so promising to begin with.

prevent this horror.

The geopolitical romance of these locales is

obvious, but intriguing nonetheless. Cuba and

North Korea, the last vestiges of the Cold War,

the only remaining believers in Old School,

moat-without-a-drawbridge-economy Communism. The site of the Cuban Missile

Crisis and the world's key exporter of SCUD

missiles. Cuba and the moment in recent his-

tory when the world seemed to come very close

to ending in a nuclear winter. North Korea and

the Axis of Evil powers that, our government is

convinced, are hell-bent on blackmailing the

world with nukes, smallpox, or VX. Isn't it

strange that these threats can play both as

tragedy and farce simultaneously, as the real

specter of mass inoculations and a Hollywood

develop the ultimate WMD, a satellite instal-

lation called Icarus. Icarus somehow reflects

and concentrates the sun's rays and directs

The film's premise: rogue North Koreans

spectacle of mass entertainment?

ADV SUN., MON. & TUES.

APRIL 7, 8, & 9 JAMES BOND 007 CASINO ROYALE

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them to earth in a beam. Icarus is one of those

nettlesome "dual use" facilities that the UN

weapons inspectors have been facing in Iraq.

It's supposed to be a weather machine that will

allow the world to feed itself with an increased

growing season based on this surplus of sun-

shine. However, Icarus is used only for destruc-

tion, including a very long-range assassination

attempt on James Bond that only results in

fracturing an arctic ice shelf. American cruise

missiles are powerless to stop Icarus; it simply

melts them before they can reach their target.

Scary stuff, and a rather clunky parable about

After the North Koreans lodged their protest, I couldn't help thinking about how *Die Another Day* would look from their side of the

DMZ, just as I have often wondered whether

Saddam has seen himself depicted in the South

turn to BOND, page 14

the North Korean nuclear weapons program.

JAMES BOND

on the wing of the sunken bomber James Bond

wondered where the missing atomic bombs could be. Spectre's deadly plot to blow up two cities had to be foiled — and the bombs had to be found in time to

Secret Agent 007

WHERE ARE THE BOMBS?

THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT'S

REPERTORY ~ FILM CALENDAR

WINTER 2003

BY ANDREW REPASKY MCELHINNEY

inter is the perfect season to go to the movies as it's cold and dark outside, and since you've seen all the big new "X-mas must sees" what better time is there to catch up with some old flicks you might have missed? You're in luck because Philadelphia's one of the hottest cites for reper-

tory film right now.

The Colonial Theater in nearby Phoenixville has the best January line-up featuring all 35mm prints of gems such as Nicholas Ray's Bonnie and Clyde yarn, *They* Live By Night (1/19), and Hitchcock's most romantic film, Vertigo (2/2).

Over at the Gershman Y they're playing the lyrical drama Nowhere in Africa (2/1) early

Meanwhile, Film at the Prince Music Theater delves into Akira Kurosawa with starts its twelve week Spring season with Robert Redford in *Three Days of the Condor* (1/14), Terence Malick's *Badlands* (1/28), and William Wyler's The Heiress (2/4) -- the highlight at the CHFG has to be an ultra rare screening of John Parker's 1954 film Dementia in its original uncut form (2/11). International House kicks off its "War series highlights include Jean-Luc Godard's fifth feature film Les Carabiniers

35mm prints of Yojimbo, The Seven Samurai,

Sanjuro, and Drunken Angel as the Chestnut

Hill Film group (where I serve as programmer)

(1/4), John and Yoko honeymooning and talking about peace in *Bed In* (1/10), Sam Fuller's gritty Korean War dram *The Steel Helmet* (1/17), and Werner Herzog's documentary about postwar devastation in Kuwait, Lessons of Darkness (1/26).

Recommended flicks are marked with this snowflake symbol: * See you at the movies!

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18

2 p.m. • Colonial Theater • Charlotte's Web

2 p.m. • Colonial Theater • Charlotte's Web (1973/35mm) • \$6 3 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • \$\frac{1}{2}\$ Singin' in the Rain • (1952/35mm) • \$8.50 7:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • \$\frac{1}{2}\$ Singin' in the Rain • (1952/35mm) • \$8.50 8 p.m. • International House • The Olive Trees of Justice (1962/35mm) • preceded by Amal • (1960/16mm) • \$6

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19

2 p.m. • Colonial Theater • They Live By Night (1949/35mm) • \$6
3 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • \$\frac{1}{28}\text{ Singin'}\ in the Rain • (1952/35mm) • \$8.50
6 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • \$\frac{1}{28}\text{ Singin'}\ in the Rain • (1952/35mm) • \$8.50
7 p.m. • International House • \$\frac{1}{28}\text{ In the Year of the Pig (1969/16mm) preceded by The Battle of Midway (1942/16 mm) & No Game (1968/16mm) • \$6

MONDAY, JANUARY 20

7:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Singin' in the Rain (1952/35mm) • \$8.50
7:30 p.m. • Gershman Y • Strange Fruit (1999/35mm) • \$7

TUESDAY, JANUARY 21

7:30 p.m. • The Chestnut Hill Film Group
The Hot Rock (or, How To Steal Diamond in Four Uneasy Lessons) • (1972/16mm 'scope) • Free

n. • Prince Music Theater • Singin' in the 7:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Singin' in the Rain (1952/35mm) • \$8.50 8 p.m. • FLIX at North 3rd • Short Films TBA 10 p.m. • Vivo Enoteca • Living in Oblivion (1995/DVD) • Free

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22

7:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • * Singin' in the Rain (1952/35mm) • \$8.50
9 p.m. • Marathon Grill • Annie Hall (1977/video)

FRIDAY, JANUARY 24

8 p.m. • The Secret Cinema at Moore College of Art & Design • Movie TBA
8 p.m. • International House • The Fall of Otrar (1990/35mm) • \$6
8 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Chumley & Carlota Movie Night • Airport (1970/35mm) • \$10

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25

5 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Yojimbo (1961/35mm) • \$8.50 7:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • The Seven Samurai (1954/35mm) • \$8.50
8 p.m. • International House • Hiroshima • Mon Amour (1959/16mm) • \$6

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26

2 p.m. • Colonial Theater • The Sterile Cuckoo

2p.m. Colonian Freder In Steine Cuckoo
(1969/35mm) * \$6
3:30 p.m. Prince Music Theater The Seven
Samurai (1954/35mm) * \$8.50
7 p.m. International House Lessons of Darkness
(1992/35mm) preceded by On the Heights All
is Peace (1998/16mm) and Diana's Looking
Glass (1996/video) * \$6

7:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Sanjuro (1962/35mm) • \$8.50

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28

7 p.m. Prince Music Theater Yojimbo (1961/35mm) *8.50
7:30 p.m. The Chestnut Hill Film Group Badlands (1973/16mm) *Free
8 p.m. Prince Music Theater Sanjuro (1962/35mm) *\$8.50
10 p.m. Vivo Enoteca A Beautiful Mind (2001/DVD) *Free

Prince Music Theater • The Seven Samurai (1954/35mm) • \$8.50 . • Marathon Grill • True Romance (1993/video) • Free

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29

THURSDAY, JANUARY 30

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31

7:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Fidel (2001/35mm) • \$8.50 9:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Cuba Feliz (2000/35mm) • \$8.50

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1

5 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Fidel (2001/35mm)

\$8.50
7:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Cuba Feliz
(2000/35mm) • \$8.50
8 p.m. • Gershman Y • Nowhere in Africa
(2001/35mm) • \$10

9:15 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Fidel (2001/35mm) · \$8.50

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2

2 p.m. • Colonial Theater • * Vertigo

(1958/35mm) • \$6
2 p.m. • Gershman Y • Nowhere in Africa
(2001/35mm) • \$8
2 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Fidel (2001/35mm)

\$8.50 Prince Music Theater • High and Low 4 p.m. •

(1963/35mm) • \$8.50

7 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Drunken Angel (1948/35mm) • \$8.50

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3

7:30 p.m. • Gershman Y • Nowhere in Africa (2001/35mm) • \$7

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4

7 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Drunken Angel (1948/35mm) • \$8.50 7:30 p.m. • The Chestnut Hill Film Group • The

7:30 p.m. • The Chestnut Filli Film Group • Ine Heiress (1949/16mm) • Free 8 p.m. • FLIX at North 3rd • Short Films TBA 9:15 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • High and Low (1963/35mm) • \$8.50 10 p.m. • Vivo Enoteca • Cape Fear (1962/DVD) •

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5

7:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Daughter from Danang (2002/35mm) • \$8.50 9 p.m. • Marathon Grill • High Fidelity (2000/video) • Free

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6

7:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Black Maria Film Festival•\$8.50 The Thomas Edison-Black Maria Film and Video Festival is an Academy Award qualifying festival for doc-umentary shorts, and will present a custom curated pro-gram of short films including new work by Stan Brakage.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7

7:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Daughter from Danang (2002/35mm) • \$8.50

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9

2 p.m. • Colonial Theater • Gilda (1946/35mm) • \$6 3:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Red Beard (1965/35mm) • \$8.50

n. • Prince Music Theater • The Slaughter Rule (2002/35mm) • \$8.50 TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11

7:30 p.m. • * Dementia (a.k.a. Daughter of Horror) (1953/16mm) accompanied by * Meshes of the Afternoon (1943/16mm) • Free 8 p.m. • FLIX at North 3rd • Short Films TBA

THEATER ADDRESSES 🛪

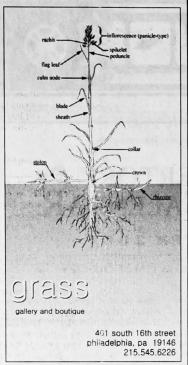
Chestnut Hill Film Group - 8711 Germantown Ave Colonial Theater – 227 Bridge St., Phoenixville FLIX at North 3rd – 3rd & Brown streets Gershman Y - Broad & Locust streets International House - 3701 Chesnut St. Marathon Grill - 1839 Spruce St. Prince Music Theater - 1412 Chestnut St

7:30 p.m. • Prince Music Theater • Maggie Growls (2002/video) • \$8.50

The Secret Cinema @ Moore - 20th & Race stree

Vivo Enoteca - 110 North Wayne, Wayne

not the right to be stupid? This is about our basic freedoms as laid down by the Founders in the United States Constitution: Congress shall





का है का है का











from INFERNO, page 1

grief, and my father paced outside the door pleading with her to let him in. I was seven. I remember feeling a conspiratorial sense of excitement as my father forbade me and my brothers and sister from talking about this with our friends. Even now, I'm not sure that I

should be writing this. Jack Lopinson wasn't an especially hand-some man. He was smallish and sharp featured. But he was charismatic, a charmer, a wheeler and dealer. He had a sense of savvy about him, as if he knew things that you and I didn't know. He dressed in suits and white shirts unbuttoned at the neck, without a tie, wrap around sunglasses. I suppose, in the parlance of the day, he'd be called a swinger. He had fallen for Judy, as everyone had, and he was irresistible, so she naturally fell for him. They were married two years before her death. She forsook her black tights and beatnik jeans, always stained with paint, and took to wearing sharp little dresses, like the blue cocktail dress she was found in the night of the murders.

Jack seemed distraught at the loss of his bride, stricken by the death of Malito and shaken by his own encounter with the murderer. He spoke of love and vengeance for reporters. When the police came to his hospital room to question him, he said "You got 'em? I'll kill them with my bare hands. I'll give you a thousand dollars for five minutes with them."

Despite his near delirium from grief and pain, he told police and detectives everything he knew: How he heard two popping sounds and ran to the basement steps calling Judy's name; how he saw two men, one tall and lanky, the other short and heavy with no neck, each with a gun in his hand; how he fired a wild shot with his own pistol and how one of the men fired back at him as he fled, hitting him in the thigh. However, shortly into the questioning, he refused to talk further. The police commissioner commented that it was "quite odd" that a victim of such a crime would refuse to cooperate.

At the funeral, my grandfather approached Jack's parents and asked if they didn't think it was funny that Judy and Malito should die and Jack should escape with only a wounded leg. My mother tells this story, stressing how she cringed at his question and its implications. How presumptuous he seemed! At the inquest, however, physical and forensic evidence would unmistakably point to Jack, and Judy's Uncle Lenny would come home, sick with this revelation, and vomit on the lawn. That is her sister hy's story, as she was waiting at the house, with her infant son, for news. The family was rife with stories such as this.

Over the next several months, the story would unfold in crowded courtrooms and brashly across headlines. Jack, it turned out, had not committed the murders, after all. Rather he had hired someone to do it: Frank Phelan, a professional, if rather reckless, hitman who called himself, variably, "Frank Hatchet" and "the Birdman" because of his resemblance to Burt Lancaster in The Birdman of Alkatraz.

Phelan was a true psychopath, a character who seemed to have been created by Hollywood. He killed, not only for the money, but for the pleasure of it. No, not quite the pleasure. He had urges to kill. And it didn't bother him. Whether or not he liked his victim, it didn't faze him either way. He was a sometime-junkie, an ex-boxer (although he was so wild that his only bout ended in a weird melee, as he held his opponent's head in the crook of his arm and pounded it with his free fist, and then went after the referee), and a reputed heavy for the Teamsters. He dressed in black, arrogantly, to advertise his services. He'd become a regular at Dante's and a friend of Jack's a few months before the murders.

It's hard for me to reconcile the fabled angelic image of Judy that circulates within the family with the woman whose life was exposed so luridly for the public to enjoy. Her world was peopled with loan sharks, mob enforcers, party girls, high-end hookers: a dark circle that formed around her when she married Jack and widened when they bought the club near 18th and Chestnut streets. Dante's was, by design and in Judy's own words, a place to raise hell. From the beginning, it was popular with a fast crowd and the atmosphere deepened when Jack, who wasn't good with money, however successful he was, took Malito in as a partner.

Malito was a wealthy man with no visible means of support. He was well known to police as a member of the underworld, a loan shark and dealer of stolen jewelry with ties to the mob. He'd seen Dante's as an opportunity to go straight, but his criminal life and its cast of characters followed him. Although business increased sharply, it was accompanied by a sordid air. Violence and gunplay became common at the bar.

There is a long precedent for living on the edge in my mother's side of the family. Her Uncle Joe, for instance, always had something in the works. He was well connected to everyone, it seemed, especially politicians and judges, and could always fix a ticket or procure you the license you needed or get you out of a mess with a phone call or two. He had scores of girlfriends and was a bachelor until he died. Nobody could believe it when he died. It seemed that he should've been able to fix it with someone. There's a famous family story about the death of my great uncle, Uncle Joe. There was a big argument between his sisters about what tie he should wear to the grave. On one side was Uncle Joe's sister, my Aunt Pauline, who wanted to bury him in his favorite, a blue and green silk with the words "Fuck You" woven discreetly into the design of the fabric. Judy's mother, Rosie, insisted this would be blasphemous and fought against it until she prevailed. My mother was there for the deliberations and was shocked when, out of the blue, Judy said, "When I die, I want to be buried in a shroud." I asked my mother if her wish was granted, but she couldn't tell me, as Judy's face had been so disfigured by her wounds that the casket had to be closed.

Judy's life on the edge had lost its balance and, by increments, had gone completely awry. Everything was backwards, a smoky mirror image of normal life. She ate breakfast with her husband at 4 a.m., when the club closed, and then went to sleep. She came to accept dishonesty as the best policy and counted among her closest friends people she neither liked nor trusted. She was faulted by her friends and acquaintances for being too possessive when she let herself get upset about Jack's many infidelities. At one point, she was hospitalized for a nervous condition stemming from her marital

By all accounts, Judy was in love with Jack, in spite of the humiliation she suffered as his wife. He was obvious about his involvement Frank...What happened?" she asked, astonished. He told her that everything was going to be alright, then he went upstairs. "I hit the floor so Lopinson wouldn't shoot me," he said. "I hollered for him to tell me where he was real fast. He answered "Here I am."" Jack was standing up front near the jukebox. His hands were near his jacket pockets, where he carried his guns and Phelan told him to put them up as he approached him. Holding his guns, one in each hand, he told Jack to put his gun in his belt. Then the two of them went downstairs together to check everything out.

The bodies were still convulsing so Jack told Phelan to shoot them again. He gave them each two more bullets as Jack watched. They went upstairs again and sat in a booth. "He told me it was a very nice job," Phelan said. "He said it was a good job." Then Jack braced himself

he'd been afraid to name Phelan as the killer, as he had threatened to kill Jack's parents if he talked. He said that Phelan had surprised him by coming up from the basement after the shots were fired, and he had "a funny look in his eye."

"I kept saying, 'Where's Judy?" Jack testi-

"I kept saying, 'Where's Judy?" Jack testified. "He told me, 'I just did you a real big favor...I just killed your wife and partner." When he protested, he said that Phelan said, "You never appreciate it when I do you a favor...Get a hold of yourself." Then, he said, Phelan went on: "Listen to me and listen careful. What we got downstairs ain't nothing. We're going to make a fortune...you and me, we're going to have a big club,' and he said how he'd dress up in fancy clothes." The jury deliberated for four hours. They didn't look at Jack as they filed back into the room.

In his closing arguments, Sprague contend-



Illustration: ROGER PETERSEN

with other women. Searching through his desk drawer after the crime, police found the prototypical "little black book," filled with the names and addresses of women, their physical attributes notated on the side. They also found a photograph of Eileen Dougherty, who would later turn up both on the witness stand and on his hypothetical hit list. The photo was signed, "To Jack, I will always love you. Eileen." Dougherty was counted among Judy's friends. They were close enough for Judy to have given her, as a gift, a charm bracelet inscribed "Love is blind."

Jack became a prime suspect almost immediately. Aside from his suspicious behavior, his story just didn't mesh with the physical evidence. Then there was the forensic evidence. It was established that, according to the angle at which the bullet had entered his leg and the powder marks on his pants, the shot could not have come from the bottom of the steps, as he had claimed. It seemed to have been self-inflicted. And the circumstances of his life, his finances, and his marriage provided him with a wealth of motives. Finally, the testimony of Frank "Birdman" Phelan had implicated him point blank.

Phelan was apprehended soon after the murders on unrelated charges. He'd been involved in a barroom brawl, in which he attacked a police officer who stopped in to remind the owner that it was five minutes till closing. His confession surprised everyone. One night, after pacing his cell furiously, he simply asked to talk to police. He was ready to tell everything. Closeted with a team of investigators, he proceeded to tell the convoluted tale with chilling candor.

First of all, he wanted it known that the hit list was actually longer. On top of Judy and Malito, Jack also wanted his girlfriend Eileen, his attorney-friend Mitchell Lipschutz, and a bartender done away with. "Everytime I saw Jack Lopinson," Phelan said, "he talked about people he wanted done." They made a package deal: \$10,000 for the five. There had been so many plans made and scrapped that Phelan finally asked if they couldn't "round some of these people up." That's how Judy and Malito ended up in the basement of Dante's together.

Phelan arrived the night of the murders and sat at the bar waiting for Jack, who sat at a nearby table with a small party, celebrating Judy's father's birthday. Before the cake came out, Jack kissed Judy and excused himself. He had some business to attend to. That was when he left with Phelan to go over the plans for the final time.

Jack was to tell Judy to go down to the basement before Malito and pretend to read a book as she watched him count the receipts, according to Phelan's court testimony. Meanwhile Phelan would slip through the side door and wait in the basement until he heard the jukebox go on, which was to be his signal to go ahead with the job. He was to use two guns, 1.32 and a .36, to make it look like there had been two men. When it was done, he was to shoot Jack either in the leg or shoulder and flee. They decided on the leg so he wouldn't pass out and to use the smaller gun so it wouldn't tear him up too much. Jack was to fire a few shots with his own gun to make it look good, like he tried to get them as they fled.

Phelan first shot Judy once, then Malito twice, then Judy once more. Then he "sat on the sofa and talked to the girl for a while." "Frank, and took his shot. Those final details taken care of, Phelan threw Jack's gun back to him, went out to his car and drove away. When he was gone, Jack shot a wild bullet into the ceiling.

Phelan told his story again, six months later, at Jack's trial. He was the star witness in a sensational case, and testified before capacity crowds. Family members had to be ushered past lines of clamoring spectators which ran long and deep through the hallway leading to the courtroom. Those who didn't come to court followed it in the newspaper, as if it were being serialized. They were not disappointed. Aside from three days of "The Birdman," they were treated to a parade of party girls, loan sharks and, finally, to Jack himself, the mastermind.

Phelan's testimony was straight and heartless. He wore a sport shirt opened to his chest and a rumpled brown jacket. He also wore wrap-around sunglasses' which became a point of contention, as he refused to remove them at the request of A. Charles Peruto Sr., Jack's attorney. He was under the influence of Thorazine, which was given to him in jail to "control my urge to kill people." He slouched and scowled throughout the questioning, answering assistant district attorney Richard A. Sprague with cold directness and Peruto with impatience and insolence. There'd been no plea bargain. He fully expected to "float to the chair" and wanted to take Jack with him. He said he wanted to do Judy a favor. "The way it was then, " he said, "I liked Jack Lopinson more than Judy, see? But I don't like him that much no more.

My Uncle Dave's testimony provided a touching counterpoint to the testimony that preceded it. He'd been called to the stand after a long line of witnesses whose lives were concerned, on one side or the other, with death and theft and adultery. He seemed so sweet and courtly in the midst of it all. When he was asked to describe Jack's reputation among the people who knew him, he replied, " I would have to clean it up to make it acceptable to the ladies in the courtroom." Among the horrible revelations that he'd suffered since his daughter's death, he learned that Jack had taken Eileen Dougherty to Florida with the money he'd lent his son-in-law to decorate the Lopinsons' new apartment. Uncle Dave also learned that Jack had offered Judy to Sidney Cardonick, a mutual friend, who declined several times although he was actually in love with her. "Take a shot at her," he said. "You'd be doing me a favor." "A shot" in this context, of course, meant something quite different than it had in his dealings with Phelan.

Uncle Dave had stood by his son-in-law until it was no longer possible. Now, having watched his daughter exposed and humiliated in death, having heard, in painstaking detail, the plots against her, pitiful last words spoken by a man who was really more of a monstrous animal than a man, he felt a grief and disgust that he never could've imagined. When asked again about Jack's reputation, he answered, "He is an unmitigated scoundrel and a liar." How strange and archaic these words seemed. How incongruous with the sensational nature of the trial

Despite his most emphatic denials, the jury

delivered a convictions and sentenced Jack to death. His testimony was remarkable in its lack of dimension. He'd admitted that it was, in fact, Phelan who committed the crime, rather than the two men he originally described. Jack said

ed that Jack Lopinson had been a split second from committing the perfect crime. It had been revealed that his share of Dante's wasn't actually his share at all. It'd been financed by Judy and was in her name. And, after two years of marriage, he was just plain sick of her. What he saw as her clinging possessiveness was spoiling his social life, and her insistence that they work on the marriage was tiresome. Sprague postulated that he'd planned to shoot Phelan when he came up from the basement just as Phelan had feared. If he had, he not only would have been the outright owner of the club, his debts dissolved, but he'd also have been a free man and even a hero in the eyes of the public: the man who killed the murderer who killed his wife and partner. But, even though he had the nerve to pay to have it done, he chickened out when it came to pulling the trigger himself.



It's hard for me to imagine how young my mother was then – younger than I am now, but with four children. Judy, now graced with eternal, if tragic, youth and beauty, would've been sixty-four. She would still have been beautiful. Her mother, now in her eighties, is still exceptionally so. Her father also out-lived her, but was so emaciated by bouts of heart disease that his body barely gave shape to the sheet of his hospital bed when I last visited him, and finally, in 1994, he gave way and died.

Jack's good behavior earned him a trailer home on the prison grounds and a community service job in nearby Lansdale, preaching against violence. He remarried and was, I suppose, by some standards, still magnetic, still charming. For twenty-nine years he maintained his claim of innocence until finally confessing to his role in the murders in a failed attempt to win parole. He died in Graterford Prison in April of 2002. Frank Phelan is still behind bars at Pittsburgh state prison.

In 1993 The Daily News reported that Jack

Lopinson had finally admitted his guilt. At lunch with my mother and her sisters, the clipped article on the table between us, all of the old stories were exchanged again. We talked about the upcoming hearing, and about the possibility that Jack might gain his freedom.

Inevitably, the conversation turned to capital punishment, which he escaped on a technicality. My mother said that the case made her realize that she was truly opposed to it. Her eldest sister, who is also named Judy, said that she realized that she was truly in favor. A discussion ensued, each of them quoting the standard arguments: The sixth commandment. An eye for an eye.

"Would you be willing to kill him yourself?"

my mother asked.

""Yes, I would," her sister answered, with a sort of false bravado.

"Oh, you would not." The thought of her killing Jack or anyone was ridiculous.

"Yes, I would," she insisted, half-smiling.
"I'd run him over with a car. Or feed him something with ptomaine poisoning."

"Would you do it with a baseball bat?" I asked. The conversation was dwindling, turning away from itself. It wasn't until days later that I thought to ask if she would hire Phelan to do it. That was the pointed question but, as so often happens, the moment had passed for-

from BOND, page 13

Park movie. (Or whether Saddam's deputies have secret screenings and laugh about it behind his back.) When I began to look at the film again from the perspective of Pyongyang, what struck me was absurd depiction of the advanced state of North Korean weaponry. The country has nothing like a cruise missile, much less an Icarus. As the intercepted shipment of North Korean SCUDs to Yemen shows, the American government does not deem the SCUD worthy of bother. To us, it is a worthless weapon, almost an amusing weapon, whose only real threat lies in its ability to provoke retaliatory strikes from Israel on a neighbor that uses it.

The true extent of our military power, perhaps not fully understood by the public in its revolutionary implications, actually makes us look like we have Icarus-like power over the destiny of the world. The U.S. Air Force studied the impact that stealth bombers might have had on World War Two, if we had had them at our disposal and Germany did not. The study, by Col. John Warden of the Tactical Air Command (TAC), concluded that our present arsenal could inflict as much damage in the opening hours of battle as allied bombers managed in the entire year of 1943. (The reason being that, with precision-guided munitions, we can actually hit our targets from the air, unlike any other air force to date.) Imagine the Nazi war machine utterly destroyed within weeks. Of course, this study is almost as relevant

to contemporary warfare, because nobody else has our technology. David Halberstam compares the net effect of advances in our military technology with a hypothetical situation in which one side in World War One was given the weapons of World War Two. I digress, but only to make the point that stealth devices, precision munitions, night vision, daisy-cutters, B-52s, GPS, and Predator drones must seem to the Axis of Evil like a science fiction nightmare in which one's enemy has developed something like Icarus. Space age weapons before which one is hopelessly abject and impotent. Do we really understand how frightening that must feel? Icarus gives us a clue, but it is encoded in the comedy of fantasy escape and the safety of a plush seat and surroundsound. Icarus is okay because it is clearly impossible. However, while we can annihilate any known quadrant of the globe at will, we don't think about the fact that something like Icarus could be someone else's everyday world, a hand of God that evaporates you before you are even aware you're under attack.

Die Another Day cleverly skirts the entire war on terror and any reference to the Islamic world, because the threat is too real, and therefore unfit for a film in which lots of things blow up. This is the real insult to the North Koreans - in a sense it is the ultimate insult. North Korea always was the odd-man-out in the Axis of Evil anyway, the Ringo of rogue + states. By featuring them prominently in a spectacle of dreamland entertainment while letting their ships trade weapons with Yemen, we essentially are saying that they don't pose any terrible threat at the moment. We have the rough equivalent of the Icarus weapon, and they don't. It probably enrages the governments who are opposed to our world rule that we try to keep them from developing their own doomsday machines, weapons that might cause us to take them seriously. Not being taken seriously - isn't that the horror of any Bond vil-

Captain Yaar (The Whale Episode)

→ by GREG ERSKINE ←



from CLASSICAL, page 12

Philip Maneval, to embrace not only composers who were born locally, but also those who have studied here or spent more or less significant proportions of their composing and teaching careers in the city. Among this latter group, the formidable triumvirate of Richard Wernick, George Rochberg, and George Crumb has been deservedly well represented on the programs. Formerly colleagues on the University of Pennsylvania faculty, these three men differ radically in style. There could hardly have been a stronger contrast, at the fourth concert, performed by James Freeman's Orchestra 2001, than that between Crumb's gossamer-textured 1969 Lorca setting, Night of the Four Moons, and Wernick's 1971 Kaddish-Requiem, a vehement outburst of rage over the Vietnam War. Yet the Wernick piece somehow finds its way to a conclusion of surpassing, if ambivalent, tranquillity. Both works were finely performed by some of the area's best instrumentalists, with Barbara Ann Martin as a persuasive and deeply committed mezzo-soprano soloist.

Sensibly, the planners have divided performing responsibilities for the festival between local musicians and visitors. At the first concert, pianist Peter Serkin and the Brentano String Quartet, all based in New York, excelled in the Passacaglia and String Quartet by Germanborn Stefan Wolpe, who taught between 1939 and 1942 at the Philadelphia Academy of Music and the Settlement Music School. The following week, one of our own best pianists, Ignat Solzhenitsyn, gave a performance of the Sonata by West-Chester native Samuel Barber that was by all accounts electrifying. One of my more frustrating weaknesses, however, is the inability to be in two places at once-that evening, I thought I ought to go to the Kimmel Center's Verizon Hall to hear the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, and I have seldom regretted a decision more.

This was certainly not a concert to cast any discredit on the home team. The day before, the Philadelphia Orchestra had played with its customary silky suavity and strength in a Nordic program of Sibelius, Grieg, and Nielsen. The guest conductor, Osmo Vänskä, gave a more favorable account of himself than when he brought his BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra to Irvine Auditorium a year or so back, drawing some impressive soft playing from the Philadelphians in Sibelius's En Saga His direction of Nielsen's wonderful Third Symphony, on the other hand, was little more than competent. (Compare Michael Schønwandt's superb recordings of this and the other five Nielsen symphonies with the Danish Radio Orchestra on the cpo label.) All things considered, therefore, Vänskä was no match for Charles Dutoit, who a couple of weeks earlier had given us a compelling interpretation of Prokofiev's Sixth Symphony, an unjustly neglected work that is darker, more imaginative, and more original than the composer's betterknown Fifth. But even under a relatively humdrum conductor, the Philadelphians sounded infinitely more musical and authoritative than their colleagues from Pittsburgh, whose departing music director, Mariss Jansons, led per-formances of Brahms's First Piano Concerto and Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony that were stupefying in their sheer artistic emptiness, flimsiness of texture, and percussive ugliness. In the Brahms, soloist Krystian Zimerman, playing like the ruins of an excellent pianist, and conductor Jansons conspired to turn a masterpiece into a toy. The Shostakovich was not quite as bad, but here too there was a kind of inconsequentiality-a frivolity, even-that robbed the music of all its dramatic power and emotional depth.

It is sad to think what is likely to become of Amsterdam's Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, which has just appointed Jansons its next principal conductor. His was one of the names discussed when the Philadelphia Orchestra was looking to fill its own music-director post. We are fortunate indeed that the choice fell instead on Christoph Eschenbach.

from Liner Notes, page 12

LADDIO BOLOCKO, The Life & Times of Laddio Bolocko, NO QUARTER RECORDS

Leave it to eggheads with degrees in music theory to figure what's so smart about the arpeggios and time signatures on this double CD, which collects the two previously released Laddio Bolocko within one handsomely designed digipack. My credentials allow me to lecture only on the merits of this recording as something to be listened while loafing. The music on either of these discs - what with all its busy drumming and repetitive cycling of guitars, trumpets, and the occasional human voice sounds wonderful to any listener in a slouching, seated, or horizontal position.

SUGAR, File Under: Easy Listening

Eight years ago, I decided that this album was not worth the market price of \$12.99. Despite appearances on MTV's then-influential (to me, at least) Sunday night alternative music show 120 Minutes, the video for "Your Favorite Thing" could not convince to buy the album. More recently, I decided that this album is worth the current price of one dollar at the Dollar \$ Store. My next decision has to do with the album's value in time. Is it worth 30 minutes of my life? Not really. True, it's got a few standout tracks that show Bob Mould's balls didn't entirely disappear after the breakup of Hüsker Dü. But if I want the balls of Hüsker Dü. I'll just listen to Hüsker Dü and not this venture into tame pop ballads. (RC)

the marriage was thesome, 5p

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THANK YOU: To Her Majesty Queen of Philadelphia, my sweet dark angel, for sending me (airmail express) the loveliest Christmas present I

THINGS IN MY DESK: Rubber bands, two blue floppy disks, a religous pamphlet given to me on the regional rail line, pipe, key to post office box, hole-puncher, phoney plastic western-style pistol used as prop in small dramatic production.
TOAST TO THE FUTURE:

One year has passed like the roaring, blurry streak of an Amtrak train.

and all of the world.

I am a bit disheveled, but I know that you are my best friend and my

true love. Mia, I could not have made it this far without the support of your fiery, west coast spirit. Here's to a wonderful year for us

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ZINE FEST: Beantown Zinetown 6! Saturday, March 29, Massachussetts College of Art Gym. 621 Huntington Ave, Corner of Longwood Ave, Boston. It's a long time away. Email richmackin@earthlink.net for table space. Save the date and start brainstorming! Contact me! I crave feedback! I am the organizer, but this shouldn't be Rich Mackin's zine fair, it should be as many people?s as possible. The more feedback I get, the better. If you have concerns, please tell me, don?t have me find out 8 days later third hand that you ranted on a journal or something richmackin@richmackin.org.

from BLACKJACK, page 1

postulated | the Axis of Evil anyway, the

and craps, lest they threaten nearby Las Vegas. My chances of finding a dealer position at one of those casinos was much greater than in Atlantic City, and my cousin was in need of a roommate, so off I went, in late summer of 2001, across America. I quickly enrolled in a casino school (tuition \$1,100), which I attended for roughly eight weeks to be certified in blackjack, Pai-Gow Poker, and other casino card games such as Let It Ride, Caribbean Stud, and Three-Card Poker. This was an excellent introduction to the motley crowds of the casino world: retired Marines looking to supplement their pensions, laid-off engineers, and several people already employed at casinos as waiters or security guards, hoping toadvance into table games. My manual dexterity was about average, but my mental math skills were sharp, and it was not long before I was certified to deal cards to real players with real money-as soon as I found a job.

By this time, September 11th had rattled the economy, especially the job market in the casino and other entertainment industries. After two months of looking, I finally cajoled my way into an audition at one of the smaller and newer casinos where the assistant pit manager signed off on mycounting speed, accuracy, dexterity, demeanor, and game security. By November, I'd had interviews with the pit manager and Director of Table Games a drug test, an FBI background check, a uniwhich the casino launders each week), and an orientation

The salary of a dealeris minimum wage plus "tokes" (tips), all of which is taxed. My casino pooled tokes together and divided them evenly between the dealers My share was dependent upon how many hours I worked during that day-regardless of how many tokes I actually received. Because my casino was small, I was earning only about \$75 - \$100 per shift in tokes; a dealer at a large, established casino averages \$150 -\$200. That is why this job is coveted, especially among those with only a high school diploma or GED..

I found the job to be pleasant. There wasa twenty minute paid break every forty minutes, and in the break room, there was continuous food served, for free, along with cable TV and plenty of interesting people to observe. Ethnic groups, especially Mexicans and Vietnamese, usually sat together to speak their native language, but my fellow dealers and I were always willing to laugh or gripe about some of the odder or more irritating customers, and I became good friends with a young man from Laos, who was attending a technical institute and enlisted my help with his calculus homework. There were also perks such as a shuttle bus to drive me to my car after work, if I wished, and a free turkey on

I have not yet saidvery much about actually dealing the cards, so it is worthwhile to explain the primary tasks of a croupier besides trying to scrub the green felt fibers from underneath my fingernails at the end of the night. Before I started the casino dealing school. I had foolishly envisioned a dealer as a sort of magician, twirling the chips, fanning the cards, or performing some other fancy maneuver to impress the players. There are, of course, dealers with astounding dexterity, but pit bosses frown upon such flourishes, because they slow down the game pace, increase the chance of dealer errors, and make it more dif-

which is increasing a wager after the cards are dealt and the player sees that he has a winning hand, so dealers must keep a close eye on all of the bets. That is only the beginning, of course, and it is not feasible to catalog all of the methods casinos use for game security at this time, but I will mention a few practices that are employed at my casino to fend against marking the cards. Females were not allowed to apply make-up at the table, men were often asked to surrender a pen that was in their breast pocket, and although drinks were served, no napkins were allowed, since a tiny sliver of one might be wetted and affixed



illustration: MARK PRICE

ficult for surveillance to watch the players. Customer service and "friendliness" is becoming more of a requirement nowadays, but silent, robotic dealers are still welcomed, and many pit bosses prefer this to chatterboxes. What is important is accuracy, speed (though not dealing so fast to make the players uncomfortable), and game security. Casinos need to maintain their edge, and they are paranoid about any possibility of cheating. The most common form is "capping a bet,"

Most players, however, are not cheats. They are simply trying to win money-usually win back their money, and the same types of gamblers haunt every casino from San Diego to Monte Carlo. There are the gracious winners and losers, tipping well and treating dealers courteously, and those who are constantly disgruntled and stingy regardless of their luck. Some players are silent, shrugging off all human contact to furiously concentrate on their "system," but others are feistier, pounding the table, accusing the dealers of rigging the cards, and rudely pointing out the other players' strategical errors. Overall, though, most customers are affable, and like most retail businesses, each casino is supported by the core of "regulars," who are compensated for their loyalty with free buffets, cigarettes, and hotel rooms-the ubiquitous "comps"—which are proffered according to the time spent at the tables and not necessarily the amount of money wagered. But casinos do not exist to provide free

drinks and free entertainment. They are businesses out to make a profit, and they do not encourage moderation and restraint. It was not unusual for a woman to be curled up across three slot-machine chairs, sleeping, because her husband, juiced-up on twelve hours of coffee and cigarettes, still needed to make his money back and would not give her the car keys to go home. My friends and family often asked if I felt sorry for the losing players, especially those hopelessly addicted ones who spent more time in the casino than I did. The answer is almost never. First of all, a dealer obviously has absolutely no control over the cards, and he is so engaged in his or her tasks that there is little time left for compassion, which is usually nothing more than an ineffectual ploy to drum up tips. Winning players tip more, of course, but again, the dealer has no control over that. And because a dealer, more than anyone, observes the statistical and psychological advantage of the house omes from the Latin word casa) which is most discernible over long-term play, it became difficult for me to imagine any player actually winning. Even those who have a profitable night have barely made a dent in their accumulated losses, and that profit will be gambled away the next night anyway. The only winners in a casino are the employees One aspect of casino life that I found a bit

frightening was the rampant gambling among employees, and no group was more avid than the dealers. Personally, I had little to no interest in playing blackjack after dealing it for forty hours per week, and I usually preferred to go directly home to sleep or work on my writing. But for casino workers that do want to socialize after work, in the wee hours, the only option is to gamble and drink at a nearby gaming establishment, and there were three of them within an hour's drive. (We were not allowed to play the tables in our own casino, though we could play the slot machines.) I did go along a few times, and discovered that I was able to control my gambling so well that there was no thrill anymore: I decided what I wanted to spend, played until it was gone, and then stopped. Hardly the frenzy of my times in Atlantic City, but I was working hard for my money and was loath to spend it so frivolously. There was also the nagging thought that I was wasting time that could be used for reading or writing.

As for my fellow dealers, I was nothing short of astonished at their behavior. Even though they watched the compulsion and addiction of gambling five nights a week, once they sat down to play, they fell directly into the ruts: they refused to quit after losing (known as chasing one's money), drank while playing, and grumbled and griped about the cards, even though they clearly understood the advantage of the casino. This is not to criticize my former co-workers, because I did not completely dislike gambling with them. It was very relaxing to play blackjack, since the burden of game security and procedure was no longer on my shoulders. All I had to do was sit back, enjoy the free drinks, ogle the waitresses and bask in the customer service. But it was obvious that we were dealers, simply by the way we handled the chips and anayzed the cards, and for some reason, I was embarrassed to step into the audience so eas-

Time passed, and the excitement of dealing blackjack was gradually tempered by routine, and the boring tasks that the players rarely see: counting and verifying the cheques; sorting, ordering, and re-boxing the cards; and brushing down the tables. I was just at the point where I was no longer a "break-in" dealer, and suddenly, I began to wonder about my future. Certainly this had been an experience-much, much more than I had bargained for when the idea of casino dealing had first lit upon my fancy. And for good or bad. I had done exactly what I had set out to do, although my plan had been slightly flawed. A dreary, dull job creates the necessity of escape, and my day job was so stimulating and time-consuming that my writing was suffering. I also missed Philadelphia and felt that my career opportunities were more abundant on the East Coast, and before long, off I went, across America, again.

After a few months' respite from blackjack and casinos, I decided to visit my old stomping grounds in Atlantic City, beginning the journey at 11th and Filbert Streets.

I gorged myself on the boardwalk junk food, but gambling in the Claridge held no interest for me other than watching the dealers, and I did not stay at the tables for very long before making my way back to the bus terminal. Riding to Philadelphia, it seemed baffling that I had been willing to go to such lengths to fulfill that ambition of casino dealing only to resign after six months. Why had I been so adventurous, when now all I wanted was a quiet place to write and a placid income?

Youthful energy is boundless and busy, but it usually winds up producing very little. The gaming industry also produces nothing except for false hopes and new jobs, one of which I was glad to have gotten. But maturity, hard work, and consistency were now whispering in my ears-instead of wild plans to sit in the audience and gamble my way to success.

MONOWO WOOM

SPECIAL LIQUID EDITION

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fine dining

I, Regular.

The Yoys of Monotony

BY PATRICK BOE

ecoming a regular at a restaurant is like Brinding a hobby. A truly avid hobbyist does not decide one day, "I will hobby in this field, hobbying and hobbling on, tirelessly, devoting my spare time to this pursuit, for a hobby should be had by all, and I might as well choose the one I'm looking at right now, so be it, there! My hobby is: STAMPS!" Or General MacArthur, or Beekeeping. A true hobbyist realizes, after years of dedicated hobby practice due to genuine love of an arbitrary thing, that she has found a hobby and is already quite accomplished at its practice or study. A true regular, the sort of person who can order a "usual" and who has a favorite bathroom, arrives at regularity in much the same fashion. I recently discovered that I'm a regular at Sam's Morning Glory Diner at 10th and Fitzwater.

It dawned on me while I was dealing with the embarrassment I felt over again inviting someone new, this time my boss, to sup with me at the Diner. "Why can't I get over this little place? The city's full of places for lunch with the boss. Isn't this kind of a weird place to meet with an authority figure?" I realized then that I was snared. This was my old haunts, already. I wanted to eat with my boss here because it was home turf for me. The realization came during a private moment in my favorite bathroom, the one with the flower stickers in the toilet.

The requirements of a restaurant that can apport a community of regulars are several. Firstly, the place must be associated with a community. Morning Glory is, fortuitously and wisely, situated near the middle of Bella Vista, a very neighborhoody, food-loving community of people with kids, dogs, and baseball diamonds. Secondly, food of the daily victuals type must be available for affordable sums This is true at Morning Glory, with the added bonuses that there's probably more spinach per plate here than at your average diner, and they make their own ketchup. Third, dining alone there should be fun, not somber. It is fun here, because watching the sauté cook wrangle six richly festooned frittate at a time over high heat is quite an exhilarating thrill ride. Fourth, the staff must be not merely pleasant, but endlessly, engagingly quirky.

In a manner along the lines of Dick Tracy villains and Blade 2 antiheroes, the crew at Morning Glory belongs on a serial poster printing; each player's tough mug, arms crossed, should be labeled with a vervy word that passes for a name. The open kitchen provides a wider cast of these characters than would be available at some other joint. There's Bottles (given name: Tommy), the kid-faced fry cook who, smiling crassly and sipping soda from a straw, is frequently seen squirting one of several liquids onto the flat top grill. He dispatches the excellent Glory Cakes, the pecan waffles with peach butter, and various french toasts, among other things. In his place sometimes, you have Both Eyes (Shalika), wielding intimidating style and height, her head bandannaed and hatted, the bags of her eyes perpetually, beautifully, and thuggishly black. Flip (Felipe) waits tables and signs his checks on the back with a dreadlocked doodle of his head and his name in the German imperative: Flip! Follow his instruction to reveal your very reasonable total meal charge. Face (Ray), to borrow a name from the A-Team, lends his cheery, tattooed figure to the whole room as he plays host and waiter to the busy place. There are others, enough to fill a couple pages of comic book. It may be that every cast of characters in every restaurant takes on this kind of heroic archetyping in the minds of its regulars, but as a regular myself, I cannot be objective.

A very curious thing about the Morning Glory Diner is that its membership intersects quite closely with another of Philadelphia's celebrated institutions, the Moxie Dance Collective. A visitor to the meals of one and the shows of the other will quickly be making the observations: "That guy in the audience brings me my coffee," "I saw our host dancing in his underwear," "Slinging hash while pregnant is one thing, but dancing to Led Zeppelin on stage while pregnant is quite another," and "No, I'm positive, she was the one who played Britney Spears in that piece." Could there be a more symbiotic professional/artistic/social relationship? Could there be a place that better promotes diner regularity without the use of bran? I challenge you, the reader, to produce

"My lady friend spilt her bowl of sweet potato Florentine all over her pants...

ployed and can't afford a full meal, like myself, delicious soup and bread is easily within a meager budget. For a mere \$2 a cup, or \$3 a bowl, you can dine like a prince or princess among dapper professionals in a lovely cafeteria set-

On any given day, Full of Soup's counter is sure to be surrounded by droves of empty-bellied soup connoisseurs. Simply make your way to the end of the meandering line of timepressed business women and men. As they anxiously check wrist watches and complain

about the line's pace, that is your cue to acknowledge just how blessed you truly are. Also, the sluggish line allows ample time to carefully choose one of the five freshly prepared soups, which is no effortless task considering that new recipes are added daily. And with new soups each day it's hard to predict when a favorite will make a return appeareaten the same soup twice, which admittedly causes feeling

ambivalence, but ultimately the spontaneity and uncertainty only makes the soup that much more

Suffice to say, once you've made a selection, the remaining time in line is spent in relentless

Webster's Dictionary defines soup as "a liguid food, with or without solid particles, made by cooking meat, vegetables, fish, etc. in water, milk, or the like." Oh, but it's so much more. To say that Full of Soup's creme of root veg-etable is just a liquid food is like saying that

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The Creation of Adam is but a painting. Simply stated, their soup resists any classifica-tion. Friends, I could try explain to you what the soup tastes like, but a proper description is beyond my feeble talents as a writer. However, I can aptly relate an experience I had as a patron of Full Of Soup.

After careful deliberation, and a lengthy wait, a friend and I selected the Italian white bean soup and the sweet potato florentine. In the process of walking to the table with the soups my lady friend spilt her bowl of sweet potato Florentine all over her pants. Did she

> No, no she did not. She ordered more soup, stayed and savored every drop. I, in a less slipshod fashion, savored my soup tremendously. can honestly say that the Italian white bean soup fills you with a warmth that I could only equate to a rapturous experience, or perhaps drug use. Readers, eating this soup is an indulgence of the senses that would Timothy Leary weep tears of joy from space, bless his precious, precious soul.

Anyhow, think today would be a lovely day to

Store Hours: 12-7:00

Tuesday - Saturday

aquatint yourself with Full of Soup's unparalleled brand of soup wizardry. And if, for some reason, you feel as though my advise is less than sound (or perhaps you think I'm full of soup!) then judge for yourself, at no cost. Just show up, and the cuddly soup geniuses will provide free samples until your finicky palate is

like Schmidt's and Ortlieb's in the city and outlying areas. While the big commercial breweries have faded from the regional map, a forget about the soup and dash home to get a change of clothes? ture still exists in the form of worldclass beer bars and award-winning microbreweries. Simply put, there is little excuse to drink anything that ends in "ini" or "olitan." I am the resident brew mistress, here to offer some insight into this sudsy realm. I want to use this column to explore the region's brewing heritage and to provide readers with reviews of new beers and old Light Beer favorites. You also

can count on coverage of beer-related

events and goings-

on in the city's

finest beer bars and

also its worst.

What are my quali-

fications? I drink it.

¬he Philadelphia region once was

known as the "fertile crescent" of the

brewing industry. At the turn of the

century, there were several major breweries

I brew it. I adore it. My first experience with the good stuff was at Ludwig's Garten at 1315 Sansom Street. Until then, beer meant cheap lager drunk in great quantities in a seedy corner bar. Good for getting drunk, but as meaningless to the taste buds as tap water. At Ludwig's an Alpine lass set before me a tall, shapely glass of cloudy hefeweizen, capped with thick, snowy froth. Phantom notes of banana and clove (I later learned were called esters) lingered in my nose. The beer had depth. It had flavor. It was in a cool glass. I was smitten.

It wasn't long before I was seeking out beer bars and brew pubs in every corner of Philadelphia. I became a beer enthusiast and discovered tiny sects of beer geeks and snobs everywhere I went. Beer snobs can be just as discriminating about what they drink (and as judgmental about what you drink) as the most

obnoxious oenophile. I started to pair foods with different beers. Porters with burgers. German wheat beers with ettouffé. Raspberry lambic with white chocolate cheesecake. It also is lovely to cook with beer. You can add beer to lots of recipes or just drink it while cooking. I prefer the lat-

on beer

A Winter Ale Expedition

BY JEN SHIMONY

"Work is the curse of the drinking class." - OSCAR WILDE

I didn't stop there. The next step was homebrewing. My little apartment has produced hearty wheat beers, my beloved Belgians and most recently, a wintry pumpkin ale - my first "seasonal" beer.

That said, I've decided to devote my inaugural article to the

beers of the season. Winter Philadelphia is no time for the light, hoppy brews that quench an August thirst. Bracing winds and damp chills are best staved off with luscious, full-bodied, malty beers with a higher alcohol content

Barley Creek's Brown Antler Ale is an American brown ale with a hint of nutty sweetness that satisfies without being cloying. It pairs easily with hearty game-based dishes but would suit a sloppy roast beef sandwich nicely.

than their summer

cousins.

perennial Dogfish favorite, Head's Raison D'Etre is a big, fruity ale that smacks of raisins and spice. With eight percent alcohol by vol-

ume, this beer has a charming alcoholic warmth. Apres ski, it can lead to rosy cheeks and canoodling. Imbibe while skiing and its

alcohol content can lead to full-body casts.

When the winter wind sends a chill up your kilt, turn to Three Floyd's Robert the Bruce Scottish ale. The blissfully smoke-free Bridgid's in Fairmount (726 N. 24th St.)

occasionally offers this monster on tap.

Just across the bridge, Cherry Hill's Flying Fish Brewery churns out what may be the perfect winter seasonal. Their Grand Cru is a lush, medium-bodied Belgian-style ale with flirty hints of spice and orchard fruit. It is smooth and slightly hopped – just enough to be refreshing. Grand Cru is served in big goblets throughout the cold months at the Grey Lodge Pub in the Northeast (6235 Frankford Ave.).

Next month, the nectar of the love godsfruit beers. And perhaps Eulogy (136 Chestnut St.), Old City's newest Belgian bar will finally be open. I look forward to bringing you news on all of the city's best beers and bars. But most of all, I look forward to the research. Cheers.

Standard Fan www.standardtap.com kitchen open everyday at 5p brunch weekends from 11a STANDARD TAP

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Mallo Wollowski

ALSO KNOWN AS THE FISH WRAPPER AND THE BLANKET OF LAST RESORT

Machalla Wall

FERAL YEARNINGS

Fellow Friends of the Furry Phylum follow Follicle Philantrophy

BY HEATHER RODKEY

Td rather go naked than wear fur." Ha! I'd rather be naked in fur, prancing around my apartment listening to Ms. Jade, nibbling on a bit of beef jerky, truth be told. With a thirteen-year tenure of no-cheating vegetarian living under my belt, I think fur is something that I can talk about with an equivocal and objective hand.

Even whilst my no-animal-shall-die-formy-intentions living, I wore fur. The recycled sort, I rationalized. I'm breathing life into relics (expired lives) forgotten and sitting dusty in a church basement. But, my friend Pookie argues, "You're perpetuating an industry, a demand for supply." Whuh? Lil' ol' me? Creating a demand? As if. If I am perpetuating anything it's the joy I feel when Tupac, my cat, nudges her head under the covers so that she can throw her "naked" body against mine as I am, myself, nestled into my favorite male armpit. Perhaps heralding this trinity of life as a protagonist point for fur wearing is a little far-reaching, but it is important to embrace the grace of living in the now. Sensory perceptions are sight, scent, sound, taste, and touch. Damien Hirst spoke of his regret that he was born with this whole body, but only two small peepholes to see out of. If I scream and whisper, in a voice

hoarse from indulgence, anything in this life, it is that regret is the most wasteful emotion. Mr. Hirst, you are regretful only because you are neglecting the rest of your senses.

Touch is vital. Touch, as it manifests itself in fur, is the best dead hug you're ever gonna get. It is the difference between the half-assed-pat-you-on-the-back-hug you get from the cousin you see once a year versus the life affirming, we're-in-this-together hug you receive warmly from a true brother or sister. It's the Asian bow versus the American handshake. Fur is a fortuitous expiration, harkening back to caveman needs coupled with futuristic intents (think Barbarella) in a world that is ever pushing towards instant gratification. Wearing fur, fake or real, inspires touch. Imagine that, baiting real live humans to touch each other! If a few animals get skinned along the way, it is a debt paid for our nimble climb up the evolutionary ladder.

As the ridiculous technophobe in me chastens at the library's computer, my heretic self searches for jasmine incense, farm-raised jerky, Ms. Jade's concert schedule, pictures of grotesque anatomy and a used white rabbit fur hat. I feed my junkyard dog senses on a slim budget, and guard my sensual pleasures fierce-



by MARK PRICE

ly. So put away your spray paint kids, and fully realize the live and let live edict. I will listen to and respect what you have to say, but eat and wear what I please. You can rest assured that I thought about my decision to wear fur with a conscientious mania reserved only for the truly (TRAY).

The state of state of

Captain Yaar (The Brimley Episode) - by Greg Erskine -









The Hermetic Order of The Bagatelle

announcements

A Provisional Founding Charter

BY LORD WHIMSY

ND SO IT HAS BEEN AGREED that a society of like-minded folk shall be formed around the central tenets of DANDYISM; among these principles being style, self-cultivation, wit, frivolity, deportment, idleness, hedonism, affectation, haughtiness, excess, selfabsorption, skepticism and a resolute resistance to the banal canards and bugbears of the day (be they in dress, habit or thought); but above all, a dedication to the ideal that life and art should be brought together into a glorious, playful singularity, and that the DANDY strives to become a living work of art. Any straying from this ideal is a falling away from this state of voluptuousness, which is the DANDY's birthright. DANDIES are inventive: they walk lobsters on leashes through the streets, wear bouquets of violets as cravats and wear magenta knickers with marmosets on their shoulders. The DANDY knows that the mind is first and foremost a toy, not a tool.

IT HAS ALSO BEEN AGREED that individual

IT HAS ALSO BEEN AGREED that individual members are encouraged to pursue and define their own particular strain of DANDYISM in accordance to the dictates of their individual natures and environs, so long as they not violate the central precepts of DANDYISM (See above). Moreover, in the individualistic spirit of DANDYISM, dandy "cells" are encouraged to form independently of each other. Our garden will be replete with many kinds of flowers. How the youths shall sing our praises!

SALONS AND SYMPOSIUMS will be held by and among members, where much posturing and nonsense will take place for the erudition and amusement of all parties concerned.

Members will display their affiliation with a covert identifying mark at such public and private gatherings. Current suggested signifiers are the following: a plastic nosegay on the lapel, a single navy blue sock on one foot or a waxed mustache. Such marks will change from time to time in order to avoid easy identification by the NORMALS; and at times, the BOHEMIANS. Such identifying marks should express the very height of wit and/or frivolity, otherwise they shall be eschewed. SECRET HANDSHAKES, PASSWORDS, VESTMENTS and other RITES will be established as the individual cells of the Order see fit to do so, and will be communicated to all other members by means of this publication, specifically the "Letters" or "General Advertisements" sections.

ADDITIONAL NOTE: in the spirit of true DANDYISM, all Order charters and clauses must be dismissed immediately after reading them.

RESOURCE MATERIAL: I would cite How to Be a Complete Dandy: A Little Guide for Rakes, Bucks, Swells, Cads and Wits by Stephen Robins as essential resource material for the aspiring acolyte of Dandyism.

http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN /1853754528/ref%3Dcm%5Fbg%5Fd/102-7222935-2051365

http://www.bohemiabooks.com.au/eblinks/s pirboho/general/dandy/index.html

http://www.mtholyoke.edu/courses/rschwart/hist255-s01/boheme/dandyism.html

http://books.guardian.co.uk/Print/0,3858,45

http://www.arthistory.arts.soton.ac.uk/dandy

INSTRUCTIVE AID: In order to clarify to all prospective members the position that one assumes when one takes on the laced mantle of DANDY, I have created a rough chart that further illustrates the continuum in which the DANDY exists.

...and so in conclusion, I bequeath to you the dandy's ancient motto and war cry: VIVE LA BAGATELLE! Take to the streets in capes and neckercheifs of the deepest hues!



THE WHIMSY BOHEMIAN/DANDY CONTINUUM WITH REGARDS TO SOCIAL CLASS AND STATION

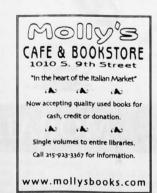
Aristocracy/Political Class

Rich Eccentrics	Patrons	• Playboys	• Indolent Fops	
the first on the contract	1 797		 Exquisites 	
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• Theorists		•Playwrights	• Raconteurs	
• Expatriates	\cademics/Ch	nattering Class	• Aesthetes	
	ers •Bobos Bourgeoisie/M	• Gourmands **Terchant Class**	• Voluptuaries • Stylists	
•Art S	Students .	Dilettantes	• Les Incroyables	
•Art School Detritus		• Rakes		
Pe	tty Bourgeois	ie/Middle Class		
• Faux Urchins	• Poseur		• Mods	
		•Cads	•Cads	
	Old Rockers		• Swells	
•Young Rockers	Working Class			
	• Ruffians	•S	• Sissies	
•Anarchists		• Les	• Les Apaches	
•Casualties			• Victims	

The Abject Poor

Regarding the Chart

There has been much confusion in Libertine nomenclature of late, so I will now attempt to correct any misunderstandings that the general public may have on the subject. A distinction must be made between the oft-maligned DANDY and his scruffy counterpart, the BOHEMIANS generally speaking, DANDIES are seriously kidding and deeply shallow; whereas BOHEMIANS are kidding seriously and superficially deep. Because both groups reside outside the pale of mainstream society and indeed often overlap at times, they both fall under the catch-all rubric of LIBERTINE, but distinctions are many between the two, which shall be addressed in this treatise and future ones. The chart above should help in allaying initial confusions.









SHOWS WORKS

ARDUOUS DIVERSIONS FOR THE NOVICE SLOTH

MONOW MONO

from TRACKSTAR, page 1

birth for: competing for Olympic metal.

"It's hard to say what clicked, and why I started training the way I do now," Poerner told me a few weeks earlier from his living room easy chair. It's Sunday, and the day before he won the first annual five kilometer Camden Street Run in fifteen minutes and thirty-four seconds. Instead of kicking back after this victory, he's back in his routine, polishing off a massive vegan breakfast complete with strawberry waffles, hash browns, juice, mock sausage, and a few glasses of soymilk after an early morning run.

"I go anywhere from 18 to 30 miles, eat, and then rest," he said.

Though a strong runner since High School, Bryan had to split his attention with another love: music. His father took him to see the Violent Femmes in fifth grade and by the time he attended his first Dag Nasty show at City Gardens a few years later -- forget about it -- he was in too deep. And he wasn't just listening to it, he was playing bass in bands, putting on shows, and putting out records on his own independent label, aptly named Track Star Records. Before he moved on to college, Track Star had released a seven-inch record by the band Unanswered and he had plans for more releases, including one for Illinois hardcore legends Charles Bronson.

"I'd have a bio of a runner with the lyric sheets in each record," Bryan explains. That was my shtick. I don't think punk kids really cared about track and field though."

But Bryan did. He managed to pursue both music through classes in business to help his label, and also running with the team at Stockton State College in New Jersey.. He impressed the team, and more importantly, coach Bill Preston. Still, something was miss-

"I think when Bryan was in college he was spread too thin with being a student-athlete, having a record business, playing music with a group, and who knows what else," says

Though splitting time with music, Bryan was no slouch on the track, setting school records and finishing second at the New Jersey Conference cross-country meet and surprising a lot of other runners.

SPIRIT ANIMAL

MEDICATION

Kenyon Martin, New Jersey Nets

the mentally ill, do your thing god.

Michael Vick, Atlanta Falcons
Difference in sports aside, the next Jordan
is finally here. Football overshadows the

first half of the NBA season because it's

more violent and there's less of it. Vick,

the gamebreaking quarterback who makes art where once there was only light and spite out of the invisible, could

change what we want upon the morning

Nemyon Matuh, Peter Jersey Nem Spent last season battering opponents mid-flight and paying the price Better behaved now, and side effects haven't kept him from nuzzling with topless white girls in Dime. This is a journalistic plea for

foot: Bruce Bowen, San Antonio Spurs looks: Wally Szczerbiak, Minnesota T-wolus

Looking like a muscle bound Tom Cruise in the face, Wally gets it all and rarely gets what he deserves. Everyone knows that being a white, clean-cut, model-in-train-

being a winte, clean-text, modern-texting earns you special treatment in pro sports, but he could at least be discreet about it, for shame. No discipline for this well-branded assault, but "how can you accidentally jump-kick someone in the

"Only God can judge me" was much fun-

nier before he blew up in last year's play-

After Shaq and Kobe, the best one-two combo in the league. They are united by chunky rumps and game like a herky-

head" is anyone's great contention

Paul Pierce & Antoine Walker.

jerky oil harvest in the ice world

4. CALF TATTO

FOOT VS. DASHING GOOD

With diploma in hand, Bryan came to Philadelphia to run the label, and it seemed his days of competitive running were over. He eases the lever back on his chair and says with a fiery tone, "The music business is all about networking. I could have the best bands on my

label, but if you don't have the hook-ups, if you don't know the right people, and if you don't sell yourself the right way, no one cares.

Track Star Records had solid releases, most notably from Philadelphia's Clocks, the Holy Fallout, and New Jersey's S. Process; but Bryan was begin ning to question if running a record label was really worth the trouble. "I was watching all these alterna-rock bands get real big, and it was making me sick. It was all just money, and really ego driven. I was pretty frustrated with entertainment in general because I learned how it's

"You could be in the best band ever. but if you're not good looking and if you don't have enough money to market yourself, you won't get anywhere."

He reflects and "With running, it's different; it's demanding. Running is an easy way to validate effort. The amount of effort you put in is what you are going to get out of it.

This sentiment really sunk in when Bryan met members of the Philadelphia Track Club,

a team of post-collegiate runners in Center City. He recalls, "I ran about four or five miles every other day just to stay in shape. I never really thought anything more. But seeing these kids, and how fast they were, and seeing them talk about running really got me motivated."

would just say, 'Still showing up huh?'"

Bill Frawley, a member of the club, was one of those asking that question. Though not the strongest runner when he starting running with the PTC, Bryan, Frawley says, "still made it through the spring and in those few short

The improvements have been so great that Bryan raised the bar and is now intent on qualifying for the U.S Olympic Trials Marathon. As our conversation continues, he delves further, "Once I started to be serious about running, I just felt like putting all my

effort into it. I just wanted to train, get in shape, and win some races." He shifts again in his chair, pauses for a minute, and then elaborates, "I love to compete, and running is wicked competitive. If you don't want to go out and beat people, then there's no sense in doing it. It's just a competition and who wants to win more."

Bryan is able to plan out his days and engage his rigorous training thanks to his intense focus, but he still has to earn a living and put food on the table. Working for his father's carpentry business is the perfect way to stay afloat financially and still train regularly. Though his Stockton degree could probably get him a more lucrative position, Bryan says,"I sacrifice making money, so that I can run. And because it's a family business, it's very flexible." After January's marathon

in China, Bryan will be competing in races in Nevada, Florida, and North Carolina. "If I had a corporate job," he says, "there's no way I could get the time off. There's no way I could get the training in that I need to."

As spring approaches, Bryan fits in even

I would I worked I would I

more training for the all-important Pittsburgh Marathon. "If you want to get into the trials, you have to run under a 2:22:00 marathon," he says. Only the top three U.S. marathoners will go on to compete in the Olympics.

"Realistically, I've only been training for this since last year, but I've made a huge jump from my personal records in college, to where I'm at today. I think I have a good shot of making it.'

Frawley agrees, "The progress has been so great that with the commitment he has made, this goal is certainly well within reach."

And although he put Track Star Records on hiatus, Bryan is still passionate about music. In between training and racing, he still finds the time to play bass in Philadelphia's pop sensations, the Harps. "Those guys [in the band] have been super cool in rescheduling practice so I can get to bed early and when I have a race coming up. They're extra sensitive to my training needs. I really care about the band and I'm glad they put up with my primadonna bullshit," he says. Bryan also, on rare occasions, digs through his record crates to spin at local clubs.

He seems to have it all together, but toward the end of our conversation, I feel the need to ask the question, what if? What if he doesn't make the team?

Again with a smile, he remarks, "If I don't make the Olympic trials this year, I still have another four years to train and make it in 2008. But if you don't think you're going to make it, there's no motivation to train, so you always have to keep the goal of making it in mind. If I don't make it, that's life. I tried. At least I know I put the training in and I didn't slack.

Then he sums it all up. The real reason why he does it, "I just set out to get faster when I started training, and that's all I intend on doing.

Yes, Bryan has gotten faster. But that hardly does his ability justice. At the 5K run in China - the one he was getting ready for when we last spoke - he took third place with a time of 1:10:15, only two minutes behind of Olympic Gold Medalist Gezahegne Abera. Neck and neck for much of the race, Abera told Bryan he was "really tough."



Those in the Philadelphia Track Club had no idea what this tall lanky guy with blond hair and blue eyes was all about. With a laugh, Bryan remembers, "They didn't think I was a runner. I just started showing up to their practices, and kept going. And each time, they

months had improved some of his personal best times. This success proved to invigorate him further. Bryan raised his weekly mileage to well over 100 miles per week, and this further dedication has led to more dramatic improvements.

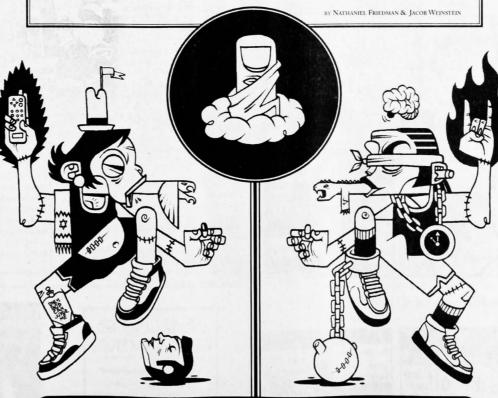
B asketball is a game that fears the earth. Whether atop spiring fires or crushed by stone, there remains the great beneath, flexing its worth like time in so many tiny problems. The sport has been fine, it has been ailing, and it has

been vexing. But above all else, it is one where you can see people's faces all the time, spend hours concentrating on their hand-crafted styles, and rarely care who comes out on top. This is the door through which ethics enters, and when

that begins, picking your battles—how-ever unwinnable they may by nature truly be—is itself the ultimate triumph. And ethics, like all other things, can only be expressed by creating two conflicting Frankensteins.

RETURN OF THE SEL SA MORAL FRANKENSTEI

"These stones of Frankenstein occur from the parts of the body prominent of the national players of classified basketball. One arranges the excess of Frankenstein good, while the other load to result combines the badly evil majority. These members 'attack is consequently with you and produces two beasts that wage war upon each other, with the future moral of basketball, blessed or diabolique, dangling from the thinnest thread."



MORAL ARBITER

BIG TOE

Shaquille Oneal, Los Angeles Lakers Once, it was all so easy. The joyless Lakers won all the time and had an enormous unstoppable man in the middle. Now.

thanks to the most talked-about toe in the story of everything, they face a cha of human interest proportions and Shaq's sense of humor has humbled the world with its gleam. The toe drops, the toe falls, perspective, and judgement is aloft.

and the entire moral playing field is sunk into desperate newness. New forms of greatness offer themselves up for scorn, unlikely heroes shed the sloshing robes of

11111

REPTILE

Robert Horry, Los Angeles Lakers He makes clutch shots you wouldn't believe, partly because he seems unaware of things like context or the passage of time. Claws would also be an unfair advantage, and the Lakers, who have to be the least inspiring dynasty in pro sports history, are like claws but they're really people

2. TERMINAL ILLNESS

Eastern Conference Too sad and small for parity's squeezing intensity or the rush of a topsy-turvy free fall. Everyone gets hurt despite the fact that no one ever does anything, the talent keeps fleeing West, the draft hurts them, their games are sloppy and plodding, and the Finals are a formality. Kill us while they're still alive.

 $3_{\,\cdot\,}$ historically loaded objectification of the black body

TV Commentators

From time immemorial, racist commen rators have sold black athletes short by praising their "natural athletic ability." But when bodies began to tumble onto the hardwood from the heavens of secondary school, defiance replaced its ondary school, defrance replaced its name with fairness. Commentators now routinely refer to these young guys, including LeBron James and should-be Rookie of the Year Amare Stoudemire, as "physical specimens." As ever, TNT's Charles Barkley saw it in the sky.

4. BLADDER

Dajuan Wagner, Cleveland Cavalier Demonically able Camden native who once dropped 100 in a high school game began his rookie year with an infected bladder, when no one under seventy even has a bladder, medically speaking Came out blasting and proved his talent, but the lasting mental association with the phrase "bladder infection" will linger

5. HARD-ON

NBA, for LeBron James Story of a lifetime: Former "greatest high school player ever" Kobe Bryant battles to pull his Lakers together and will them back to championship glory, with stiff competition blocking the way. Intrigue as real: teams' deep-seeded drive to reach the bottom of the standdrive to reach the bottom of the stand-ings, where the race to draft the new "greatest high school player ever" is underway. How the gamble became more of a sure thing than the proven constant, or the future less bound up in atience than the present, is anyone

6. BIOLOGICAL CLOCK

Stockton and Malone are two all-tin

good guy suds. But it's going on twenty years that they've kept this boring beyond belief team in constant playoff contention and therefore on television. Welcome Matt Harpring with faith.

7. SOUND OF SILENCE

left by Tesh's "NBA on NBC" theme Hokey, bombastic, accelerated to knock over the orchestra, and raining pomp into the Sunday of stillness, sometimes it alone could make you care. Kobe's said that, as a child, he dreamt of one day hearing the "NBA on NBC" theme before he played. His moral force is as ambivalent as Shaq's is ambiguous.

8. LOST AFROS

Ben Wallace, Detroit Pistons Moochie Norris, Houston Rockets Norris copped out and switched to braids; Wallace often disappoints with awfully plain rows.

9. HAND SIGNS

Doug Christie, Sacramento Kings Christie's elaborate post-bucket ritual was grand and beguiling, possibly having something to do with Catholicism and the night. He then made the mistake of revealing that it reassures a domineerin wife that she's on his m write that she's on his mind and their commitment is strong. This despite the fact that she often travels with the team and won't allow female reporters in the locker room, he's on a basketball court, and his manhood is already eternally Just try and talk smack, little Doug Christie

Derrick Coleman, *Philadelphia* 76 ers Solomon Grundy meets Lex Luthor. Larry Brown thinks D.C. has a bright future in coaching 11. PITUITARY ACHE

10. DANGEROUS MIND

Los Angeles Clippers This unbearably talented team on the rise flounders, even with point supre Andre Miller directing traffic.

Kobe Bryant, Los Angeles Lakers

A contortion of bones and skin deeper than meaning, worse than determina-tion. It is the brace of snot, steel and screaming, and the reason why no one will ever love the Lakers. See also his Cool J-esque lip-licking, a preening twitch for the post-game, not Jordan's moisture in the moment of survival.

13. NOSE JOB

Hedo Turkgolu, Sacramento Kings International, be doomed. This promis ing young Turkish friend trimmed a few inches off, presumably because of pres-sure from the ladies. It, and he, have not been the same since. I mean this year.

Baron Davis, New Orleans Hornes

Everyone loves the fat guy, except when more steel-paunched than chubby ing him too endearing for words.

we know him Davis is near yet far and 7. STOMACH STAPLES

Shawn Kemp, Orlando Magic Buffalo, monster, soothsayer, Kemp some-how gained weight as a cokehead and, now clean, somehow lost a little of it. There is so much more to say about this great and fallen man, so much.

8 BAR MITZVAH Yao Ming, Houston Rockets

This mighty Chinaman did in one month what takes the Jews thirteen years. At 7'5", he was the tallest Chines person most of us had ever seen, and was sup

posed to ball in a way befitting all the best stereotypes about his culture, with the added benefits that "almost eight feet tall" brings. He began the season boyish, sad, and lost in a sea of knowledge; now the hype has been earned, the pine turned oak, and Yao the clear-cut successor to

9. BURSTING THYROID Cleveland Cavaliers

GOOD

Ladies and gentlemen, meet the new Clippers. Packed with talent, utterly defenseless and rife with incompetence, come dangle with them, off the edge.

10. HAND OF KINDNESS

Some people only like to watch important match-ups between good teams. They don't appreciate ESPN's "Fastbreak Tuesday," which haphazardly cuts between any and all games in progress, like we do. Your best bet of seeing those

exotic, marginal teams that, once you've

realized that dullness is a competitive

virtue, become the holy grail of the tele

vised basketball

Steve Nash, Dallas Mavericks A dash of Ron Wood, the wind of Scott Stapp, and even a little Julian, this tattered mane brings to life the league's hardest-thinking, most Radiohead-listening All-

12 HEADWEAR

Desmond Mason, Seattle Supersonics With the oft-injured and narrowly motivated Vince Carter taking limbo very seri unusly, "The Cowboy" reigns as the dunk rtist of choice. Close seconds: Richard efferson, Nets; Ricky Davis, Cavs (see

13. POST-DUNK CELEBRATION

Ricky Davis, Cleveland Cavaliers "Oh shit" seven times in a row, after pick ing up at the three point line and sto ing out Steve Nash's forehead. Disbelief in the self is damage or transcendence, the only two ways of explaining the Cavs' meteoric scoring machine.

14. LAZY EYE

Tracy McGrady, Orlando Magic The secret that is our own: watching football broadcasts is a vacation, following hoops is debilitating and solemn like a friend wasting away. As we hold it down, McGrady's perpetual stupor is something all couch-chained non-athletes can grasp at as their own.

Chris Webber, Sacramento Kings Unlike Cam'ron and Fabolous, under stands the fine line between mega ice and CHAPTER ONE

The Great Jadoo

TEATRO DELLA FANTASMA

PRESTIDIGITATOR EXTRAORDINAIRE ...

BY ROGER PETERSEN

